PICTURES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

PICTURES

FROM

ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY

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"My eyes make pictures when they're shut."

— COLERIDGE.

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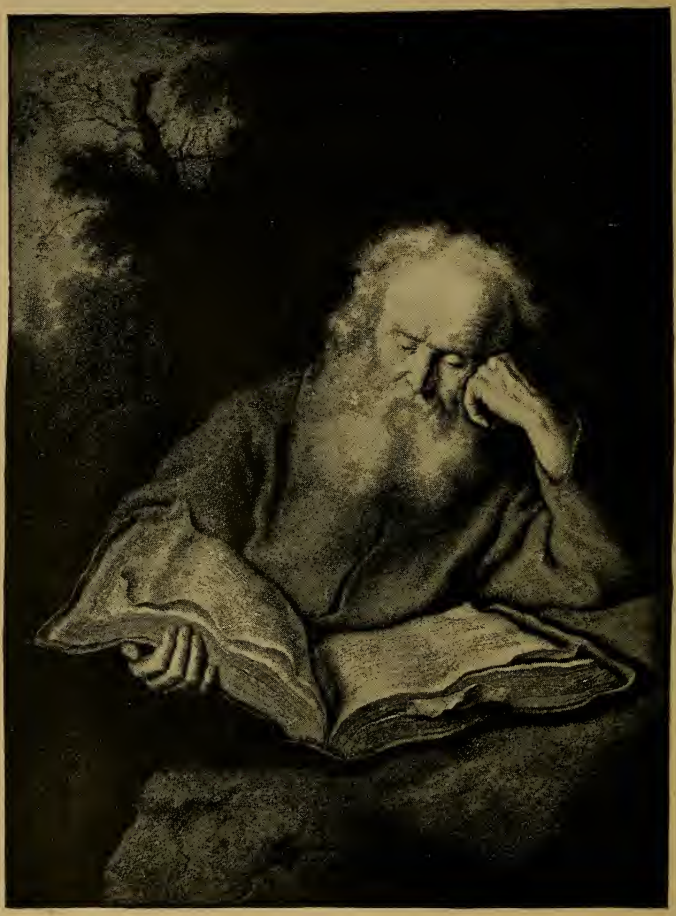
PICTURES.

PICTURE-MAKERS.

To all boys and girls who love pictures, I dedicate these sketches from my mental gallery.

S. A. H.



A VENERABLE SCHOLAR.

Pictures From English Literature.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

The first picture that I want to show you was not the work of a single artist. It was begun, more than six hundred years ago, by a Welsh monk, called Geoffrey of Monmouth. In later times, other artists made many additions to it, some of which greatly increased its beauty. At length, the great painter, Alfred Tennyson, retouched the whole picture, giving it its present rich coloring and perfect finish; so that it is numbered to-day among the most fascinating paintings in the whole gallery of literature.

It represents King Arthur and his twelve brave knights, seated about the famous Round Table, which was built by Merlin, the wonderful magician.

Do you see the king at the head of the table? There, at his right, sits the bold Sir Launcelot

du Lac; next to him, is the gentle Sir Perceval; while there, in the "Seat Perilous," where, until this time, no man was allowed to sit, is the peerless Sir Galahad. Arthur loved his noble knights, and he was never so happy as when listening to the recital of their valiant deeds,

Has not the king a noble face? Truly, he does look as though he wore "the white flower of a blameless life."

As he sits there talking with Launcelot, his favorite knight, can you mark the difference between the two countenances? Arthur's face, calm and pale, tells of a life dedicated to high thoughts and noble deeds; while that of the handsome Launcelot is seamed with lines of unrest and secret trouble.

But what a grand-looking set of men they all are! It would be strange indeed did they look otherwise, if they have kept the vows to which they are pledged; to do no outrage or murder, never to take part in a wrongful quarrel, and always to do battle for the weak and oppressed.

From the eagerness depicted on their faces, I think they must be talking about the search for the Holy Grail. This was the cup out of which our Saviour

drank at the Last Supper. He was supposed to have given it into the keeping of Joseph of Arimathea, who carried it to Europe. For many years it remained upon the earth to bless mankind by its presence. But finally, one of the holy men who had charge of it "fell from grace;" the cup disappeared, and could be recovered only by a knight without stain and without reproach. So all the knights of the Round Table vowed to seek the Holy Grail a year and a day.

As I look at their strong, earnest countenances, I think of the many strange adventures, the dangers and defeats, through which they had to pass: for not to the courteous Sir Perceval, nor to the bold Sir Gawain, nor yet to the brave Launcelot, was the blessed vision granted; but only to the stainless Galahad, the pure and perfect knight, was it given to become the happy possessor of the holy cup.

Do you like the picture? If you do, I will tell you a little about the history of King Arthur.

Many hundred years ago, Britain, the country which is now called England, was inhabited by a people called the Celts. They were a brave, hardy race; but, for some time, they had been greatly troubled by the invasions of the Picts and Scots, who

were pouring down upon them from the north. Unable to obtain help from any other source, they invited their fierce neighbors, the Saxons, to come over and help them drive out their enemies.

This the Saxons did; but they liked the fertile land of Britain so well that, after they had conquered the northern barbarians, they decided to remain there permanently. So they turned their weapons upon the helpless Celts, and, for more than a hundred years, there was continued strife between the two races; until, at last, the Celts were driven from their own country, and took refuge among the hills of Wales. But, although expelled from their homes by force, their brave, free spirit was unconquerable; and from this ancient stock arose an independent and liberty-loving people.

In the midst of the strife, Arthur was born. When he was a lad of fifteen years, he became king; and it is quite interesting to know how this was brought about.

At the time of the old king's death, it was not known that he had left any heir to the throne, and all the people were greatly troubled as to who should take his place. In their anxiety, they prayed to God

that He would send them some sign from Heaven; and as an answer to their prayer, there appeared before the church door a stone in which was sticking a sword. So the Bishop proposed that whoever could draw the sword from the stone should be crowned king.

To this the people agreed, and all the tributary kings and most famous knights tried to draw it out; but in vain. Not one was able to move the sword ever so little, and it remained for a long time in front of the church door.

Finally a great tournament[1] took place, and Arthur was present, serving as squire to his foster-brother, Sir Kay, who had the misfortune to break his sword. The knight sent his young squire home for another; and as Arthur went by the church, he saw a sword sticking in a stone. Thinking that this would be a good weapon for his brother, he easily drew it out, and hastened with it to Sir Kay.

The latter immediately recognized the miraculous sword, and would have claimed the throne for himself; but when, to convince the doubters, it was

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1 *Tournamen'*—a mock fight intended to show the address and bravery of the combatants.

replaced in the stone, it would yield a second time only to the hand of Arthur, who was thus discovered to be the lawful son and heir of the former king. So at an early day, Arthur was joyfully crowned by the people, and proclaimed their sovereign and chief.

One of the new king's chief advisers was Merlin, a mighty enchanter, who had the power of transforming himself into any shape that he wished. By his magic arts, he became of great use to Arthur, and saved his life many times in battle. It was he who made the wonderful Round Table about which you may have heard.

This was surrounded by thirteen seats, but twelve of which could be occupied, and these only by knights of the highest fame. The thirteenth was kept vacant in memory of the Saviour, and was reserved for the pure Sir Galahad. It was called the "Seat Perilous," because if a sinful man attempted to sit in it, the earth would open and swallow him. A magic power wrote upon each seat the name of the knight who was entitled to it, and no one could succeed to a seat unless he surpassed in valor its former occupant.

When Arthur happened to break his sword in a severe encounter with one of his enemies, it was

Merlin who told him how to obtain another from the Lady of the Lake. He directed the king to a lake near by, where he would see an arm extending upwards from the waves, holding in its hand a sword.

"You must row out to this spot," said Merlin, "and if the Lady of the Lake is willing for you to have the weapon, she will allow you to take it away."

So the king did as Merlin said. He rowed out into the middle of the lake, and there he saw an arm reaching upward from the water, "clothed in white samite,[2] mystic, wonderful," and in the hand was a bright and shining sword. As soon as Arthur attempted to draw the weapon away, the hand relaxed its hold and sank beneath the waves. "And the king looked on the sword, and liked it well."

This became the renowned Excalibur, which was said to shine so bright when it was brandished that it gave a light equal to thirty torches, and blinded the eyes of all who looked upon it.

By its aid, King Arthur gained many victories over the fierce Saxons, thus greatly extending his kingdom, and causing his name to be feared throughout the land.

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2 *Samite* — a kind of silken stuff, adorned with gold.

It is not in battle, however, that we like best to think of good King Arthur; but in his court at Camelot, where he lived with his queen, the beautiful Guinevere. O what glorious times those were! It makes our pleasures seem tame, when we think of the splendid jousts and tournaments that filled those days.

The knights were always seeking new adventures by which they might do honor to themselves and their king; and their most daring feats of arms could receive no better reward than his approving smile and a glance from the bright eyes of Guinevere.

Yet not in selfish delights alone did Arthur allow the days to pass. Wherever there was a wrong to redress, wherever the strong triumphed over the weak, there was found the king with his irresistible sword and shining armor.

But dark days came at last to Camelot. Modred, a rebellious kinsman, conspired against the pure and noble king. A dreadful battle took place, which lasted for hours; and when night fell, Arthur's knights, whom he loved so well, lay dead upon the field. Only one survived, the bold Sir Bedivere.

"So all day long the news of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonnesse about their lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'The sequel of to-day unsolders[3] all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall nevermore, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

3 *Unsolders* — disunites.

Which was my pride; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known:
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle of the mere;[4]
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.'

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere;
'It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
Aidless, alone and smitten thro' the helm:
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest[5] will all perform at full
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.'"

So saying, he stepped down from the ruined shrine, and hastened to the lake to do the king's command. But as he drew forth the beautiful sword, Excalibur, and saw the handle all glittering with diamonds, it seemed too precious to throw away. The longer he looked, the more his eyes were dazzled; and, at last,

4 *Mere*—lake.
5 *Hest*—command.

he decided to leave the sword hidden there among the water-flags.

"So strode he back slow to the wounded king,
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
'Hast thou perform'd thy mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the craig.'
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
'Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty,[6] nor like a noble knight:
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief[7] and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.'"

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time; but as he raised the sword aloft, the moon, shining upon it, brought out all the wondrous beauty of the hilt; and as he saw how richly and curiously it was chased, he again shrank from throwing it into the lake.

6 *Fealty* — fidelity to one's lord.
7 *Lief* — beloved.

He thought: "If I allow this splendid blade to perish, what will there be left on the earth to serve as a reminder of the glory of Arthur's reign? Besides, the king is sick now, and knows not what he does. Is it right to obey him if he demand an act unprofitable to himself?"

So, misled by his own conceit, he hid Excalibur a second time, and returned to the king.

"Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
'What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?'
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.'
To whom replied King Arthur, in much wrath:
'Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time prosper, get thee hence;

But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.'
Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.
Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
'Now see I by thine eye that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
'Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.'
And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
'My end draws nigh: 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight;
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.'"

So Bedivere placed the dying king upon his broad shoulders, and carried him to the lake, which shone white and beautiful in the moonlight. And lo! there came sailing towards them a dusky barge, whose deck was covered with stately figures all clothed in black, while there arose a long, low cry of sorrow.

Then murmured Arthur: "Place me in the barge;" and three of the stately forms put forth their hands and took the king and wept.

"Then loudly cried bold Sir Bedivere:
'Ah? my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?

Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'
And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:
'The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

. . . . . .

If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

. . . . . .

But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seëst — if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,

Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns,
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.'
So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away."

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

The picture I want next to show you is by that rare old artist, Dan Chaucer, who painted in such rich and glowing colors, that his creations are as fresh and attractive to-day as when they were first called forth by his magic pen.

It represents a merry company that set out on a journey, one bright morning in April, many years ago. They called the journey a pilgrimage, because they were on their way to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket[1] in Canterbury.

You know what was meant by a pilgrimage; how the pilgrim, with staff and scrip, went many weary miles on foot, that he might atone for his sins by praying at the tomb of some well-known saint. The most sacred ilgrimages were made to the tomb of our Saviour in the holy city of Jerusalem; but there

1 *Thomas à Becket*—was Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Henry II, After his murder by the servants of the king, he was regarded as a saint; and pilgrimages were constantly made to his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

were other shrines nearer home, and the tomb of à Becket had long been a favorite place of worship.

These, however, were not always solemn and fatiguing journeys. Oftentimes, people who were going to the same shrine would form a little company; and, thinking that the Evil One was thwarted by the object of their journey, they would give themselves up, on the way, to mirth and jollity.

Well, these Canterbury Pilgrims were just such a joyous company, when they set forth from the Tabard Inn, one sunny morning so long ago.

Can you see in the picture, the beautiful blue sky, the green hedge, and the white May blossoms? It is no wonder that, at this delightful season of the year, people did

> "Long to go on pilgrimages,
> And palmers for to seek strange lands."

Would you like to know who some of these merry pilgrims are?

That big man with the jolly face, who seems to be the leader of the party, is Harry Bailey, the host of the Tabard Inn. When he learned that they were all going in the same direction, he offered to conduct

them, as he was familiar with the road; and, in order to make the time pass pleasantly, he proposed that every one should tell two stories on the way to Canterbury, and two more on the way home.

He added, shrewd old fellow that he was, that they all must return to the Tabard Inn; and he who had told the best story should sup at the expense of the rest. This jolly Harry Bailey was very entertaining, and his witty remarks added much to the general fun.

That noble-looking man riding along, dressed in a complete suit of armor, is the Knight of the company.

"A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
Who, from the time in which he first began
To ride afield, loved well all chivalry,
Honor and frankness, truth and courtesy.
Most worthy was he in his master's war,
And thereto had he ridden, none more far,
As well in Christian as in heathen lands,
And borne with honor many high commands."

But although he was such a great soldier, he was, in his manner, as gentle as a woman.

"He was a very perfect, noble knight."

Close beside him, is his son, a gay young Squire,

whose handsome face and rich dress give brightness to the whole picture.

I think Chaucer must have smiled when he described this young fellow.

"His locks all curled as though laid in a press.

. . . . . .

"Embroidered was he, as a meadow bright,
All full of freshest flowers, red and white;
Singing he was, or flute-playing all day.
He was as fresh as is the month of May.

Do you see that pretty little lady riding there? That is the Nun, Madame Eglantine.

Chaucer liked her, I know, even though he did make fun of her in a quiet way.

"There also was a Nun, a Prioress,
Who of her smiling was most simple and coy;
Her greatest oath was only 'By Saint Loy,'
And she was calléd Madame Eglantine.
Full well she sang the services divine
Entunéd through her nose melodiously.

. . . . . .

"At meal-times, she was very apt withal;
No morsel from her lips did she let fall,
Nor in her sauce did wet her fingers deep;

. . . . . .

"She was so charitable and piteous
That she would weep did she but see a mouse
Caught in a trap, if it were dead or bled;
And little dogs she had, which oft she fed
With roasted meat and milk and finest bread;
But sore she wept if one of them were dead,
Or, haply, with a rod were smitten smart.
And all was conscious and tender heart!"

She must have been an affected little body; and yet I like to look at her, she is so dainty and sweet.

That thoughtful-looking man with his eyes bent upon the ground is the Clerk of Oxford, a poor man, for we are told: —

"His horse, it was as skinny as a rake;
And *he* was not too fat, I'll undertake,
But had a sober, rather hollow look;
And very threadbare was his outer cloak."

All the money he could get he spent on books.

"For rather would he have at his bed's head,
A score of books, all bound in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
Than rich attire, fiddle, or psaltery."[2]

2 *Psaltery* — a stringed musical instrument.

He talked but little, yet what he did say was sensible and wise.

You must take a good long look at this figure of the Clerk of Oxford, for it is said to be a representation of Dan Chaucer himself.

Just behind him, is the richly dressed Monk upon his splendid horse; and quite near, rides the Friar, to whom Chaucer gives a sly hit when he says: —

"In giving penance,[3] very kind was he,
When people made it worth his while to be."

That man you see with his beard "as white as the daisies be," is the Franklin, a great land-owner. Well-to-do was he and very hospitable. In his house, it seemed as though it "snowed with meat and drink."

You must not pass by that middle-aged woman, who wears such a broad hat; for she is of great importance in her own estimation, and would never forgive you, if you did not give her more than a passing glance.

"Bold is her face, and fair and red of hue."

She is called the Wife of Bath, and is very

3 *Penance*—punishment.

expert in weaving cloth. She has made a great many pilgrimages to Rome and other places; for she has plenty of money, as one can see by her showy dress.

Not far from her, is the Parson, poor in purse, but rich in holy thought and work.

"Christ's and the twelve apostles' law he taught,
But first himself obeyed it as he ought."

These are some of the people you see in the picture. It would take too long to describe all the members of that large and pleasant company; but you can see that they represent all classes of society. If you look closely, you will see the Sergeant-of-Law, a very busy man.

"Nowhere there was a busier man than he,
Yet busier than he was, he seemed to be."

There, too, are the Carpenter, the Doctor, the Merchant; in fact, some one from every department in life.

This is the reason why the picture is such a favorite; it portrays so well the men and women of the fourteenth century, that it seems as if they lived and moved before us.

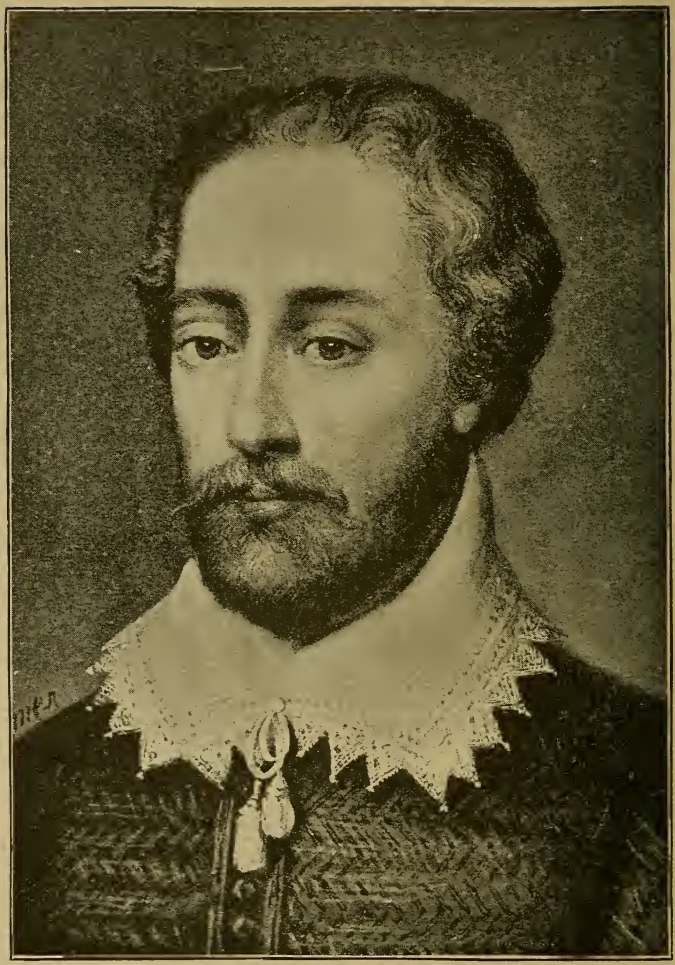
But our wonderful artist does more; he makes them talk, and tell us just such stories as they would have told in that far away time.

Don't you wish you could have been with them, and have heard their delightful tales, as they wandered through the lovely English country?

There are three I should dearly like to have heard: the Knight's chivalrous story of Palamon and Arcite, and their love for the fair Emelye; the pathetic story of the faithful wife, Griselda, which the gentle Clerk of Oxford told; and the Nun's Priest's bright tale of Chanticleer and his charming Pertilote.

What a pity that we do not know of the arrival at Canterbury, the ceremonies at the Cathedral, and the homeward journey! But the pen dropped from the artist's weary fingers before he depicted those scenes for us; and we can only guess who it was that supped at Harry Bailey's inn at no cost to himself.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND UNA.



EDMUND SPENSER.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND UNA.

"A gentle knight was pricking[1] on the plain,
Yclad[2] in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts[3] and fierce encounters fit.

. . . . . .

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him adored.

. . . . . .

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled[4] was full low,

1 *Pricking* — riding rapidly
2 *Yclad* — clothed.
3 *Jousts* — mock encounters on horseback.
4 *Wimpled* — laid in folds.

And over all a black stole[5] she did throw.
As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfry slow;
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led."

It was Edmund Spenser, the poet-laureate of Queen Elizabeth's reign, who gave us this beautiful picture; but it is only one of the many exquisite scenes that he has portrayed in his wonderful poem, "The Faery Queene."

Listen, and I will explain the picture to you.

Once upon a time, the Queen of Fairy-Land was holding a festival of twelve days; and the knight who, during that time, could achieve the most glorious deed, was to be rewarded by a rich and beautiful prize. All the knights, far and near, hastened to give evidence of their skill and daring.

On the first day of the festival, there came to the court a beautiful maiden riding upon a snow-white ass, and followed by a dwarf, leading a warlike steed that bore a suit of armor. The young girl, falling on her knees before the Fairy Queen,

5 *Stole* — a long, loose garment.

said that her parents were besieged in their castle by a fierce dragon, and begged that some one might be sent to deliver them from their deadly foe.

Immediately, a tall, clownish young man came forward, and asked that he might undertake this adventure. The lady did not wish to accept so awkward an attendant; but, as he persisted, she told him that unless the armor which she brought would fit him, he could not succeed in the enterprise.

Then the Queen put upon him the armor, which bore upon it the sign of a red cross, and placed in his hand a silver shield bearing a like symbol. When thus arrayed, he seemed the goodliest knight in all that company, and was well liked by the fair lady.

So, mounting the steed brought by the dwarf, the young knight rode forth with Una, for that was the maiden's name, upon his perilous errrand.

This is the picture I want you to see,— the beautiful girl and the brave knight, as they start forth on their dangerous expedition.

They ride along quite pleasantly, at first, until a sudden storm coming on, they seek shelter in a neighboring wood. After the storm is over, they

turn to leave the wood; but cannot find the path by which they entered.

Wandering along, they come to a hollow cave. The dwarf warns them that this is Error's Cave, and urges them to flee for their lives. But the youthful knight cannot let escape this opportunity of displaying his bravery. So he attacks the ugly monster, and, after a desperate struggle, kills it. They then ride on, and in a short time, find their way out of the grove.

Soon they meet an aged man, who, from his appearance, seems to be a devout priest. He asks them to spend the night with him, saying that they must be in need of rest and refreshment. They gratefully accept his offer, and accompany him to his home;

"A little lowly hermitage it was
Down in a dale, hard by[6] a forest's side
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travel to and fro.

. . . . . .

"Arrivéd there, the little house they fill,
Nor look for entertainment, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has."

6 *Hard by* — near by.

The evening is spent in holy conversation, and they retire to rest at an early hour. Now this old man is, in reality, a wicked magician, who hates everything good and pure; and as soon as he has bidden good-night to his guests, he casts about in his mind for some charm to work their ruin.

He calls one of the little sprites who wait to do his bidding, and commands him to go to the Palace of Morpheus, and bring back a false dream.

I wish I could make you see this beautiful Palace of Sleep, with its doors of silver and ivory, guarded by the ever watchful dogs, "that lie in wait to banish Care, their enemy." But I can only tell you that it is the most quiet, restful, delightful spot that was ever created from a poet's imagination.

After a good deal of trouble, for Morpheus is not easy to arouse from his happy slumbers, the little sprite obtains what he seeks, and, returning through the ivory door, mounts on his wings, and soon bears the dream to his lord.

As soon as this is received by the wicked old man, he so weaves it into the brain of the young knight that he believes the fair and good Una to be false to him; and when the maiden arises early

in the morning, and asks for her protector, who has promised to deliver her parents from their deadly peril, she finds that he, with the dwarf, has forsaken her. She can hardly believe it at first; and when she is forced to realize the truth, her grief is very great. But she thinks he cannot be far distant, and hopes that, by starting forth at once, she may soon overtake him.

Alas! poor Una is to meet with many an adventure before she beholds him whom she loves so well; and the knight, before he again sees his dear lady, is to realize how inadequate is his youthful, untried strength before the blandishments[7] of temptation.

I shall not take the time to tell you of all the adventures that befall the Red Cross Knight. The most interesting one is when he is led to the Palace of Pride.

"A stately palace built of squaréd brick,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong nor thick,
And golden foil all over them displayed.

7 *Blandishments*—arts.

That purest sky with brightness they dismayed :
High lifted up were many lofty towers,
And goodly galleries far overlaid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowers ;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours."

Here upon a rich throne sits the Queen of Pride, surrounded by her hateful counsellors, Idleness, Gluttony, Avarice, Envy, and Wrath.

"And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often fain would view,
And in her self-loved semblance took delight.

. . . . . .

"Rightful kingdom she had none at all,
Nor heritage of native sovereignty,
But did usurp with wrong and tyranny
Upon the sceptre which she now did hold."

The knight has been brought here by a beautiful lady, whom he believes to be as innocent as she is fair. After he arrives at this place, he begins to suspect her true character, and manages to escape ; but he is followed by the false Duessa, who again beguiles him. Persuaded by her to drink of an enchanted spring, he loses his strength and is taken captive by a mighty giant.

All this time, Una has been seeking her knight, whom she still so dearly loves. She meets with many dangers, but her innocence and purity carry her triumphant through every peril.

I want to show you one picture of her, which is the most beautiful I have ever seen.

"One day nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty[8] beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her fair head, her fillet[9] she undight,[10]
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

"It fortunéd[11] out of the thickest wood
A ramping[12] lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:

---

8 *Unhasty*—slow.
9 *Fillet*—a little band, worn about the head.
10 *Undight*—put off.
1 *Fortuned*—happened.
2 *Ramping*—raging.

But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuagéd[13] with remorse
And with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

"Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet[14]

. . . . . .

"The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceivéd her intent.

. . . . . .

"O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avènging wrong!"

Shortly after this, Una is met by the dwarf, who had made his escape. He narrated to her all that has happened: the treachery of Archimago, the old magician; the snares of false Duessa; the House of

13 *Assuaged*—calmed.
14 *Weet*—know.

Pride and all the perils it contained; and lastly, the fatal conflict with the giant.

Una is sorely grieved to hear of the dangers through which her dear knight has passed; but it is such a blessed relief to know he is still her own true knight, that she almost forgets his present captivity. Soon, however, she realizes his condition; and resolving to find him alive or dead, she and the dwarf continue the search together.

At last, when her heart begins to grow heavy with despair, she sees, riding towards her, a strange horseman, arrayed from head to foot in a magnificent suit of armor. It seems to her that this can be no ordinary mortal, so splendid is his dress; and she knows that only one of the grand Knights of the Round Table could carry such a marvelous shield or sword.

As soon as he perceives the maiden's sorrowful looks, he urges her to confide her trouble to him. His bearing is so noble and his words so gentle, that she is impelled to tell him the story of her woes.

When her sad tale is ended, he comforts her with cheering words, and says he will not leave her until he has freed her captive lord.

"So forth they go, the dwarf them guiding ever right."

They travel on until they reach the enchanted castle where lies the unfortunate knight. Then there follows a dreadful encounter between the giant and Prince Arthur, for it is he who has come to Una's relief.

It is needless to say which one is victorious; for who could withstand that shining sword and wondrous diamond shield!

The joyful meeting between the two who have so long been separated, I will let you imagine.

Prince Arthur is obliged to leave them now, and they bid him adieu with grateful thanks. Una sees that her knight is feeble from his long imprisonment; and she takes him to the House of Holiness, where he is strengthened and refreshed by the teachings of the three daughters, Faith, Hope and Charity. Cheered and encouraged by the divine help he has received, he feels now that he is strong enough to encounter the fierce dragon.

The struggle lasts three days; and, in the end, the Red Cross Knight comes off conqueror.

And now what great rejoicing! All the people flock out of the city to see their brave champion.

The king showers princely gifts upon him; there is music and feasting; and all vie with one another in doing honor to their deliverer.

But he values little the praises they heap upon him, when he looks into Una's sweet face, and hears her words of gratitude and love.

With this last scene, the artist closes his series of pictures. He leaves it to be read between the lines of the poem, that he has told us only the same old story of the battle between Truth and Error, which is ever being waged in this world: of the temptations, the struggles, the sins; and also of the glorious victory that must always come to him who is strong enough to endure unto the end.

TWO PICTURES FROM PARADISE LOST.

JOHN MILTON.

TWO PICTURES FROM PARADISE LOST.

The next two pictures are by an artist whose fame will never die, who, though old and poor and blind, painted grander scenes than the world had ever beheld. Of the many that he caused to glow upon his canvas, there is not one so grand and awful in its strength as that of Satan in sight of Paradise.

"He
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All its original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured."

In his countenance, envy, remorse, despair, contend for mastery, as he sees Adam and Eve wandering through the beautiful garden of Eden in the glory of the early day. While he looks, the words of their grand morning hymn are borne upon the air; and he cannot help but listen: —

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,

Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sit'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine:
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven:
On Earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end."

As our first parents thus pour forth their souls in prayer, Satan thinks of those happy days when his voice joined in the heavenly chorus of praise to the Creator; and a great wave of remorse sweeps over him, for he realizes that had it not been for the curse of ambition, which had made him desire equality with God, he might still enjoy his peaceful home in Heaven, might still be Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, instead of Satan, the Enemy of Mankind. His past life comes up before him, and he recalls that dark day when there was war in Heaven; how the crystal floor opened, and he and his rebel angels were cast down, down into the burning lake below.

Again he feels the horrible agony that seized him

when he awoke from his long sleep, and saw, lying around him, the prostrate forms of his companions.

In imagination, he sees arise from the lake the splendid palace of Pandemonium, where he and his friends held their hateful council. He remembers their vow, "to execute fierce vengeance on God," and that he has been sent there to thwart the divine will by tempting Adam and Eve from the path of right.

Shall he do it? and again he looks at the pure beings before him. O that he were as innocent as they, and had never rebelled against his Heavenly Father! His mind is tortured with shame and remorse. In his anguish, he cries out: —

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven."

Something within him whispers: "Repent, and ask forgiveness of God." But his wicked pride forbids, for he dreads the contempt of "the spirits beneath," whom he has seduced by promises that he can subdue the Omnipotent. He knows, too, that

were he restored to his former high position among the angels in Heaven, his old ambition would awaken, for he is not willing to be second even when the first is God.

So after a long and terrible struggle, he makes his choice: —

"Farewell hope, and with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold;
As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

But the picture is too sad; let us turn to this brighter one of Adam and Eve in their "delicious Paradise."

. . . . . .

"Overhead upgrew
Insuperable[1] height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A silvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous[2] wall of Paradise up-sprung;

Insuperable — not capable of being passed over.
Verdurous — covered with vegetation.

And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once, of golden hue
Appeared, with gay enamelled colors mixed:
On which the Sun more glad impressed his beams
Than on fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape."

Here in this beautiful Paradise, dwelt our first parents: —

"The loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met:
Adam, the goodliest man of men since born
His sons; the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

Their life in this delightful spot is like a beautiful dream. Toil and sorrow and sin are, to them, names unknown. Their labor in the garden is only enough to make them better enjoy the cool zephyr and the taste of the delicious fruits, which they can pluck from the tree as they recline on the soft, downy bank "damasked[3] with flowers."

About them, played all the beasts of the earth; for

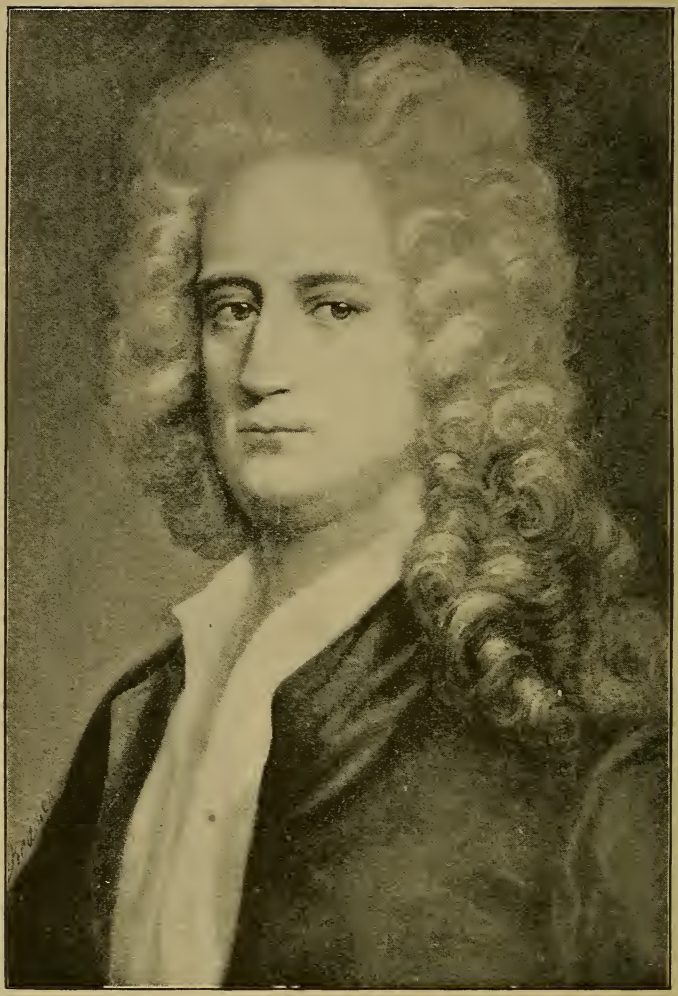
3 *Damasked*—adorned.

the time has not yet come when the lower animals flee before the approach of man. They hold sweet converse together, and Eve relates her first consciousness of existence : —

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed
Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence, a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of Heaven ; I thither went
With inexperienced thought and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the watery gleam approached,
Bending to look on me ; I started back,
It started back : but pleased I soon returned ;
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love."

So the day passes in happy labor and peaceful rest, until evening comes on, and Twilight gray clothes all things in her sober livery.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

The next is a picture of which I am very fond, and one which has a conspicuous place in my mental gallery. It is the portrait of an old man. The abundant hair, which is lightly tossed back from the broad forehead, is streaked with gray; but the brightness of the dark eye is undimmed. A genial, whimsical smile plays about the mouth; while the kindly feeling, which beams from the whole countenance, indicates a warm, generous heart.

The artist, Joseph Addison, loved this old man dearly, and has told the world all about him, so that it, too, has come to love him.

His name was Sir Roger de Coverley, and he was a rich country baronet of ancient descent. Addison first met him when they were both members of a popular club in London, and the acquaintance thus formed soon ripened into warm friendship. It was not long before he was invited by Sir Roger to visit him in his ancestral home, and it was at this time

that he became so well acquainted with the old knight's many virtues and his harmless little oddities.

Coverley Hall was a charming old place, not far away from London; and here Sir Roger lived, respected and beloved by all the country round. There had been a little romance in his early life, which explains why this lovable old man had never married.

When he was about twenty-two years old, he met a pretty young widow, who by her artful ways, completely captivated his affections. But she had a female confidant, who did not look with favor upon Sir Roger; and, by her mischief-making powers, she prevented the young man from declaring his love to the lady of his heart. This was a heavy blow to Sir Roger; and, from this time can be dated many of his queer little ways.

But, in spite of his disappointment, the knight had lived very happily all these years in his comfortable home; much more happily, I have no doubt, than if the bewitching widow had been his fireside companion. Indeed, it would have been hard to find a more contented household than that at Coverley Hall.

The old Squire was so kind to his servants that they had no desire to leave him, and so had grown gray in his service. Looking upon him as their best friend, they gave him a willing and grateful obedience. They were always eager to do him some little kindness, and showed the keenest anxiety when he betrayed any of the infirmities of age. A cozy, happy family they were; loving and sympathetic friends, rather than master and servants.

As I was looking at the pictured face of the dear old man the other evening, and thinking how much I should like to have known him, I fell into a gentle doze, and immediately Morpheus [1] transported me to Coverley Hall.

There sat Sir Roger in his big arm-chair before a blazing wood fire. He gave me the heartiest of welcomes, when I told him that I was well acquainted with his friend, Addison; and soon we were chatting away, as if we had known each other for years.

"Yes," said he, after we had talked for some time, "I am a bachelor; and it is entirely the fault of the beautiful widow, whom I have known all my life. If it had not been for that troublesome friend of hers,

1 *Morpheus*—god of dreams.

I should have told her of my love, and we should have been happy. Ah! she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

While the knight fell to thinking of his old sweetheart, I took a good look at him. There was the same kind face that I had gazed upon so often; but the lines about the mouth were deeper, and the hair more plentifully sprinkled with gray than in my picture. I noticed that the cut of his garments was old-fashioned; and then I remembered to have heard that he had not changed his style of dress, since he was repulsed by the pretty widow.

Wishing to arouse the old knight from his musings I asked him if he had seen his friend Will Wimble, lately.

"I settled a dispute between him and Tom Touchy the other day," replied Sir Roger; "Tom, you know, is famous for 'taking the law' of everybody.

"And in whose favor did you decide?" I said.

"Oh! I gave my usual verdict," and his eye twinkled roguishly, "that much might be said on both sides."

We talked a long time by the glowing fire. He

told me of his visit to London, and how much he enjoyed Westminster Abbey. "That guide," said Sir Roger, "is an extraordinary fellow. Why, his head is packed full of knowledge. I should like to have him here to entertain me these long winter evenings.

"But didn't you go to the theatre?" I asked.

"Oh! yes," he replied," but there again I was surprised. The play was not at all according to your dramatic rules, as you call them. Do you think that people in tragedy should try to be understood? Why, there wasn't a single sentence in the whole of it that I didn't know the meaning of."

Before I had time to give the old gentleman any answer, he abruptly changed the subject and said: "As it is Sunday evening, would you not like to go with me to hear my chaplain preach?" I told him that there was nothing I should like better, and soon we were on our way.

As we went through a certain pleasant walk not far from the house, the old man looked around him with a smile and said: "This is the place wherein I used to muse upon the perverse widow; and by that custom I can never come into it, but

the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades.

"I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

We walked on in silence until we drew near the church. Then turning to me, he said that Archbishop Tillotson was to preach that evening; and when he saw my look of amazement, he laughed and explained to me what he meant.

"At my chaplain's first settling with me," said Sir Roger, "I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday, he would deliver one of them from the pulpit. Accordingly, he has arranged them in such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity. So now, I am always sure of hearing a good sermon every Sunday."

We entered the church; and as I took my seat

and looked around, I saw many a token of Sir Roger's kind liberality.

He whispered to me that when he first came to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular in their attendance, and not inclined to take part in the services when they did come. So he gave every one of them a hassock to kneel upon and a common prayer-book out of which to make the responses; and, at the same time, employed a singing master to teach them the tunes of the Psalms.

The Squire could certainly find no fault with them that evening, for they knelt and joined in the responses with great fervor.

It was here at church that I noticed many of Sir Roger's little peculiarities about which I had heard so much. If he happened to be pleased with a certain verse of the hymn, he would linger on it half a minute after the rest had finished.

Now and then, he would take a little nap; but if, on awaking, he saw anybody else nodding, he would send his servant to wake up the poor fellow; from which I judged that the Squire would allow no one but himself the privilege of sleeping in church.

Sometimes, when he particularly liked the prayer, he would say "Amen" three or four times; and once, when everybody else was kneeling, I saw him stand up to count the congregation, or to see if any of his tenants were missing.

When the sermon was finished, nobody dared to stir until Sir Roger had left the church. As he walked out between a double row of his tenants, who stood bowing to him on each side, he took the opportunity to ask after the health of such a one's father, or wife, or sister, which was always understood to be a secret reprimand to the absent one.

This odd behavior did not seem to lessen the old Squire's influence over his people, for their faces beamed with reverence and affection as he passed by. They loved him so well that everything he did seemed perfectly right in their eyes.

As we walked homewards, Sir Roger asked me how I liked his chaplain; and when I told him how delighted I was with the sermon, and how charmed with the chaplain's graceful figure and fine delivery, he said: "I thought you would be pleased with him, and now I must tell you how I happened to obtain such a treasure.

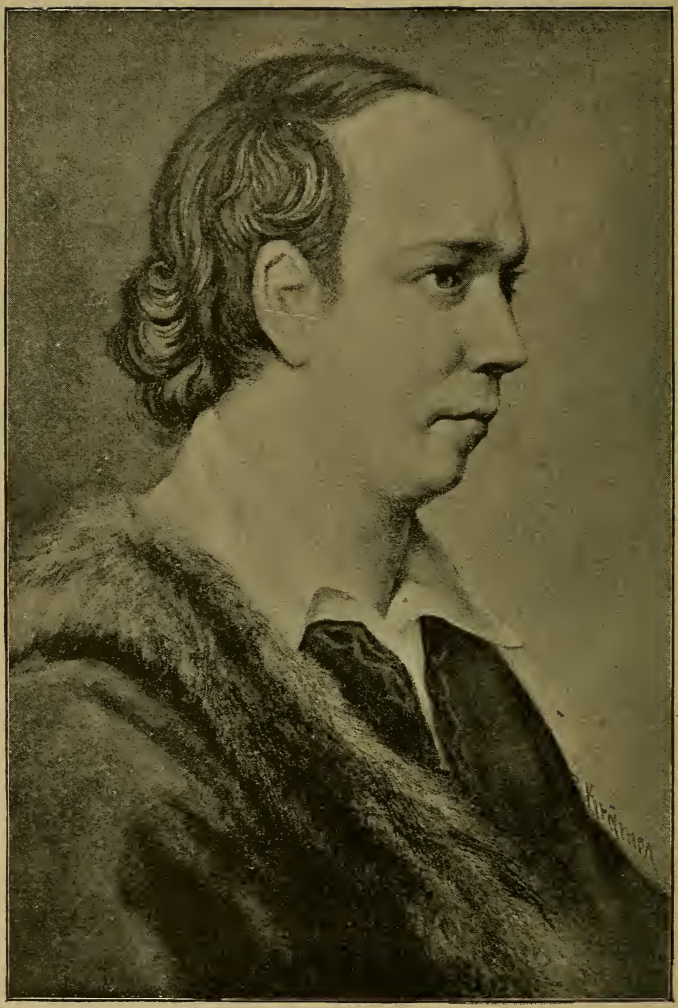
"I did not want to be insulted with Latin and Greek at my own table, and so I desired a particular friend of mine at the University to find me out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. My friend found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar.

"I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, I have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, he has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or another of my tenants, who are his parishioners.

So the worthy Squire rambled on in his delightful way until Coverley Hall was reached. We entered its hospitable door, and sat down beside the big roaring fire. I had just turned to Sir Roger with a question about the gallant Will Honeycomb, when

a mist came before my eyes. One last glimpse of the old Squire in his high-backed oaken chair; then all vanished, and I found myself sitting in the moonlight in my own quiet room, gazing at the pictured face of my dear old friend.

THE HOME OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE HOME OF THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

"At the foot of a sloping hill, and sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind and a prattling river before," stands a little low English cottage, with thatched roof and vine-covered porch. Adjoining the house, is a neat garden with sweet old-fashioned flowers and a long row of gooseberry bushes; and near by, a rustic seat shaded by a hedge of hawthorn and honeysuckle.

A simple little picture, is it not? Yet it is beautiful to me because it represents the home of the Vicar of Wakefield, one of the best of men that I ever knew.

If you are not acquainted with this good man and his family, let me introduce them to you, for I know that a knowledge of their simple virtues cannot fail to interest you.

Dr. Primrose, the Vicar, is an unworldly, peace-loving man.

"E'en his failings lean
To virtue's side."

Of a generous and hospitable nature, his house

is open to all. The blind, the halt, and the maimed find there a safe asylum, and a sympathetic ear into which to pour their tale of woe.

"The long remembered beggar is his guest,
Whose beard, descending, sweeps his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claims kindred there, and has his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sits by his fire, and talks the night away;
Weeps o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulders his crutch, and shows how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learns to glow,
And quite forgets their vices in their woe."

But the Vicar has one hobby; namely, matrimony. He maintains that it is unlawful for a minister of the Church of England to marry the second time; or, as he expresses it, he is a monogamist[1]. He has published several tracts on this important subject; and, as they have never sold very well, he has the satisfaction of thinking that they are read only by the "happy few."

Mrs. Primrose is a most devoted wife and mother. The Vicar says that he chose her as she

1 *Monogamist*—one who does not believe in second marriages.

chose her wedding gown, "not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well." She is certainly an excellent housewife, and is specially noted for her gooseberry-wine, which she most generously presses upon every chance visitor. Fond of keeping up appearances, impulsive and credulous, she often thwarts her husband's wishes; but he loves her too tenderly not to overlook her little womanly vanities and contrivances.

Both Dr. Primrose and his wife are proud of their healthy and blooming family, and believe that they could have given to their country no more valuable present than their six children. George, their oldest son, not having won the lady of his love, has gone out into the world to seek his fortune.

The two daughters, Olivia and Sophia, are the pride of their mother's heart, for in them she sees a second self. Her vanity and satisfaction are sometimes laughable to see. "Hold up your heads, girls," she will often say, "hold up your heads! Handsome is that handsome does." And indeed they are beautiful girls, as you will find in all the country round; Olivia, sprightly and commanding; and Sophia, modest and gentle.

The second son, Moses, is still a student at home; and, like many another boy of sixteen, he thinks that no one else knows quite so much about the ancients as he does. Last, but by no means least, come the two little boys, Bill and Dick, who are the pets of the whole family.

Now that I have described to you the different members of the family, wouldn't you like to take an imaginary peep into the little cottage? We will look only into one room, which serves for both parlor and kitchen.

How snug and cosy everything is! The clean, whitewashed walls, the bright array of plates on the shelves of the dresser, and the air of neatness all around, make up for the lack of costly furniture. How pretty are the plants in the window, and the vines that clamber over the porch!

There, in the warm corner of the fireside, is the Vicar's arm-chair, in which he sits and talks to his children as they gather around him in the pleasant evening time.

But what is that hanging over the mantel in such an elegant frame? It reads: "Sacred to the memory of Deborah Primrose, one of the best of women as

well as the most prudent of housewives, and the *only* wife of Dr. Primrose."

Ah! I remember. The good doctor wants to display his principles concerning monogamy; and so, while his wife is yet living, he has had this epitaph written, and hung up over the mantel, where she can see it every day.

"Here," he says, "it serves two purposes: it reminds my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her; while it inspires her with a passion for fame, and constantly puts her in mind of her end."

Do you see that large picture leaning against the side of the wall? Well, there is quite an amusing story connected with it, and, as the Vicar has told it to me a number of times, I am going to give it to you in his own words: —

"My wife and daughters, happening to return a visit to neighbor Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner[2], who traveled the country, and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry in point of taste, our spirit took the

2 *Limner* — a portrait painter.

alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

"Having, therefore, engaged the limner — for what could I do? — our next deliberation was to show the superiority of our tastes in the attitudes. As for our neighbor's family, there were seven of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges, a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, at length came to a unanimous resolution of being drawn together, in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of taste were now drawn in the same manner.

"As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus[3], and the painter was asked not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair. Her two little

3 *Venus* — goddess of love and beauty.

ones were to be as Cupids[4] by her side; while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian[5] controversy.

"Olivia would be drawn as an Amazon,[6] sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green joseph,[7] richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

"Our taste so much pleased the Squire, that he insisted on being put in as one of the family, in the character of Alexander the Great at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and, as he wrought with assiduity[8] and expedition, in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colors; for which my wife gave him great praise.

"We were all perfectly satisfied with his

4 *Cupid* — god of love.
5 *Whistonian* — referring to William Whiston, a strong supporter of monogamy.
6 *Amazon* — a female warrior.
7 *Joseph* — a riding dress.
8 *Assiduity* — diligence.

performance; but an unfortunate circumstance, which had not occurred till the picture was finished, now struck us with dismay. It was so very large, that we had no place in the house to fix it. How we all came to disregard so material a point is inconceivable; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss.

"And now," said the Vicar, and here he always joins with me in a hearty laugh, "the picture, instead of gratifying our vanity, as we hoped, leans, in a most mortifying manner, against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted — much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbors. One compares it to Robinson Crusoe's long boat, too large to be removed; another thinks it more resembles a reel in a bottle; some wonder how it can be got out, but still more are amazed how it ever got in."

Did you notice that the Vicar spoke of a certain Squire in the picture, who sat at Olivia's feet in the character of Alexander the Great? He is their landlord, a rich, dashing young gentleman, and a frequent visitor at the cottage. I have noticed that his coming brings a blush to Olivia's cheek, and a sparkle to the mother's eye; from which I judge

that he is not an unwelcome guest. The old Doctor, however, glances at him uneasily. He does not like the bold glances of admiration and the low flattering tones.

There is another visitor whom he likes much better. This is a Mr. Burchell, who won the grateful friendship of the family by his rescue of Sophia from drowning. They know nothing of him save that he is a man of intelligence and an agreeable companion. An air of mystery surrounds him. Althoug apparently a poor man, he seems to have no settled occupation.

He is a general favorite at the cottage, from Mrs. Primrose, whose good will he won long ago by his praise of her gooseberry-wine, to the two little boys, who take great delight in his songs and stories. If he were a man of birth and fortune, I am quite sure that Mrs. Primrose would not dislike him for a son-in-law. As it is, she looks quite serious when she sees him walking and talking with Sophia; and even the Vicar shakes his head, when Mr. Burchell brings a pretty ribbon or some little trinket to their youngest daughter.

For a long time, the mother's great desire has

been to give her girls a winter in town; and just now, her wish seems in a fair way to be realized. A few days ago, Squire Thornhill made them acquainted with two of his city friends, who, he says, are ladies of rank and fortune.

They of course received a hearty welcome from the family; and when it was known that they wished to find two young lady companions who would return with them to the city, Mrs. Primrose's delight was unbounded, for she thought that here, at last, was the coveted opportunity for her daughters. So she hastened to make known what was in her mind.

The ladies seemed to regard the proposition favorably, and the matter now rests with the Vicar. To tell the truth, he does not like the idea very well. He suspects that all is not so fair as it seems. The manners of the two city ladies do not please him, and their names are too high-sounding for his simple taste. Besides, he prefers to keep his daughters under his own protection.

But I am afraid that the good Doctor's objections will be overruled by his wife, who is a very persistent woman, and has been known to sometimes influence her husband against his better judgment. She has

this project very near her heart, and is encouraged in it by the Squire, who never fails to improve every opportunity which offers, for setting forth the advantages of a winter in town.

Mr. Burchell, on the other hand, is as strongly opposed to the visit. He, also, is a little suspicious of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs; and he quite offended the two great ladies the other night by his "Fudge! Fudge!" when they were telling of the eminent people with whom they were acquainted. Indeed, he has shown, on all occasions, his distrust of them so plainly, that Mrs. Primrose has become very indignant, and has more than once broadly hinted that he might be more profitably employed than in criticising his betters.

The past few weeks have been one continual round of gaiety for the Primroses; but the old Doctor, if I mistake not, will be glad to return to his quiet life once more. As for Mrs. Primrose, she is on the topmost wave of delight. Her dearest wish is to see her girls well settled in life, and she fondly hopes that the Squire's attentions to Olivia mean more than meets the eye.

It is amusing to see her artful little ways. "If the cakes at tea are short and crisp, they are made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine is well-knit, the gooseberries are of her gathering; it is her fingers which give the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding, it is her judgment that mixes the ingredients. Then she will sometimes tell the Squire that she thinks him and Olivia just of a size, and will bid both stand up to see which is the taller."

These skilful little contrivances, which she deems so impenetrable, but which are, in reality, so perfectly transparent to everybody, call forth an indulgent smile from the Vicar, but he says nothing.

A funny little incident occurred on a certain Sunday not long ago. Mrs. Primrose got it into her head that, as there would be a great deal of company at church that day, they ought to ride instead of walk, as was their custom.

"You know, Charles," she said, "that the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed[9] and red with walking, and looking for all the world

9 *Blowzed* — reddened by exposure to the wind.

as if they had been running a race. Now there are our two plough horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarcely done an earthly thing for this month past. They are both grown fat and lazy. Why should they not do something as well as we?"

In vain her husband objected, saying, that walking would be twenty times more genteel, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they both had a hundred vicious tricks; and that there was but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. Mrs. Primrose was determined, and, as usual, had her way. The Vicar, knowing that it would take them some time to get started, walked on in advance, and they promised to follow.

He reached the church, and waited for them nearly an hour; but they did not appear. Finally, he was obliged to begin the service, but not without some misgivings as to the fate of his family. His anxiety increased as the morning wore away, and still no signs of their coming. So as soon as he could, he dismissed his congregation, and hastened homewards.

When about half-way, he perceived the procession coming slowly forward; Mrs. Primrose, Moses, and the two little boys on one horse, and Olivia and Sophia on the other. They had a most pitiful tale to relate.

It seems that, when they had attempted to start away from the house, the horse refused to budge an inch; and Mr. Burchell, who was passing by, was kind enough to beat them forward with his cudgel for about two hundred yards. Then the straps of Mrs. Primrose's pillion broke, and, of course, those had to be repaired before the company could advance. Next, one of the horses took it into his head to stand still, and neither threats nor blows could make him move on. They had just coaxed him into taking a few steps forward, when the Vicar met them.

Poor Mrs. Primrose! her disappointment and mortification were sad to see; yet her husband could not wholly regret the mishap, for he thought it might teach her and her daughters a wholesome lesson in humility.

This experience, however, did not immediately have the effect that the good Vicar desired; for only

a few days passed before his wife proposed that now, as they could afford to hold up their heads a little higher in the world, they should sell the colt and buy a horse that would make a better appearance.

The Vicar, as was his habit, offered numerous objections, all of which were successfully met by his wife; and, at last, finding himself no match for her in argument, he yielded with the best grace possible under the circumstances. So it was agreed that the colt should be sold next day at a neighboring fair. But I will tell you the story as I heard the Vicar himself relate it one night, as we sat around the fire in the cozy sitting-room.

"Now that we began to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it was proposed that we sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit. This, at first, I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

"As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail

upon her to permit me to leave home. 'No, my dear,' said she, 'our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles[9], and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.'

"As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission; and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder and lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat, was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad, black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, 'Good luck! good luck!' till we could see him no longer.

"The day was spent in pleasant expectation; and

9 *Higgle*—to talk a good deal.

as evening approached, we began to look for our son's return. My wife was the first to espy him.

"'As I live,' said she, 'yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back.'

"As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar.

"'Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?'

"'I have brought you myself,' cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. 'Ay, Moses,' cried my wife, 'that we know; but where is the horse?' 'I have sold him,' cried Moses, 'for three pounds five shillings and twopence.' 'Well done, my good boy,' returned she; 'I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it, then.' 'I have brought back no money,' cried Moses again. 'I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is,' pulling out a bundle from his breast; 'here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen[10] cases.' 'A gross of green spectacles!' repeated my

10 *Shagreen* — a kind of leather.

wife, in a faint voice; 'and you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green, paltry spectacles!' 'Dear mother,' cried the boy, 'why won't you listen to reason? I had them at a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money.'

"'A fig for the silver rims,' cried my wife in a passion: 'I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce." 'You need be under no uneasiness,' cried I, 'about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over.' 'What?' cried my wife, 'not silver! the rims not silver?' 'No,' cried I, 'no more silver than your saucepan.'

"'And so,' returned she, 'we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! the blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better.' 'There, my dear,' cried I, 'you are wrong; he should not have known them at all.' 'Hang the idiot!' returned she, 'to bring me such stuff — if I had them I would throw them in the fire.' 'There again, you are wrong, my dear,' cried I; 'for

though they be copper, we will keep them by us—as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing.'

"By this time, the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I, therefore, asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. 'Here,' continued Moses, 'we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, our neighbor, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us.'"

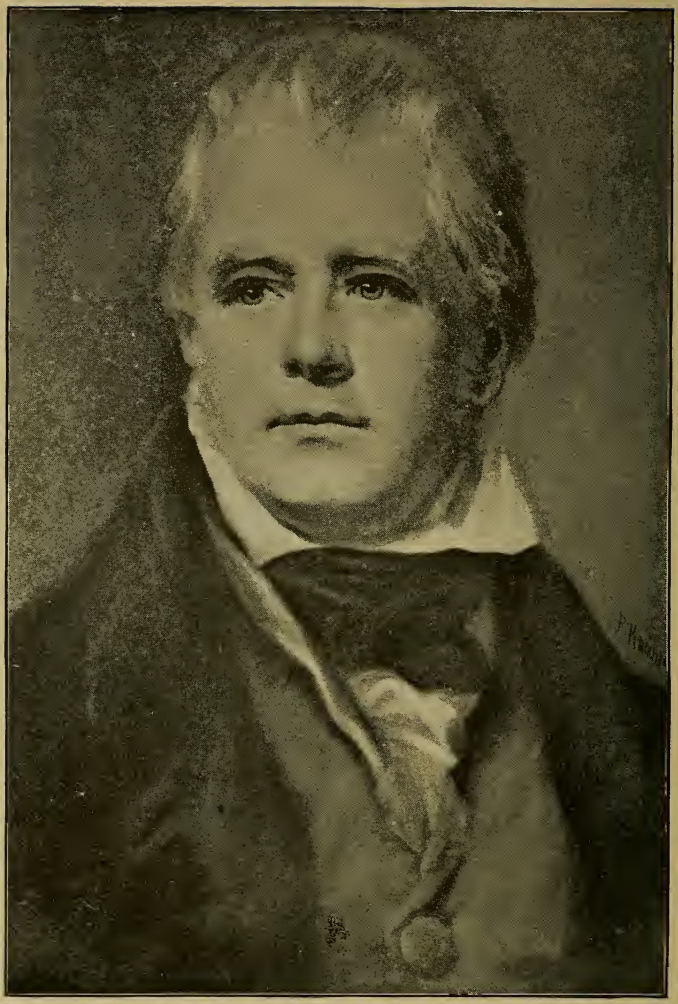
Thus ended the story of Moses at the fair. There is a sequel to it in which the laugh is at the expense of Dr. Primrose, who proves himself no wiser than

did his son Moses; but I will leave that for him to tell you when you become better acquainted.

And now, as we leave the little cottage, let me urge you to visit it again. I have told you only a bit about the delightful family who inhabit it, but I hope that I have said enough to induce you to follow their fortunes further.

If you are sufficiently interested to wonder whether or not Mrs. Primrose ever gratified her desire to see her lovely daughters make a figure in the world, or whether the Vicar's life always proved so quiet and uneventful as at first,— if, in short, you wish to know anything more about them, I refer you to that dear old story-teller, Oliver Goldsmith, who has painted such humorous and pathetic pictures of this admirable family, that all the world has laughed and wept over them.

LOCH KATRINE.



WALTER SCOTT.

LOCH KATRINE.

Another favorite of mine comes next. It is a beautiful lake among the Highlands of Scotland. Here and there upon its surface float little islands "empurpled bright;" and surrounding it on all sides, are lofty mountains, which stand like giant sentinels to guard this enchanted spot.

You are of course familiar with this picture, and will recognize the famous Loch Katrine, which Sir Walter Scott has painted in such a beautiful manner in his "Lady of the Lake."

It is a charming scene: the lake shining in the golden light of the setting sun, the glowing colors of the sky, and the deep, rich hue of the mountains.

Let us see if we can point out, in the picture, any of the places that we remember reading about in the poem.

That small island near the outlet of the lake must be "Ellen's Isle," where sweet Ellen Douglas lived. Her father, you know, having been banished from the court of the Scottish King, fled with his little daughter

to this wild mountain retreat, where he took refuge with his kinsman, Roderick Dhu. It was in this lonely spot that Ellen grew to beautiful womanhood, as simple and pure as the flowers upon her beloved mountains.

Right there, on the left of the picture, is the "silver strand," where the young girl was sitting in her little skiff when she saw the "Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James." She was somewhat startled, you remember, when she first beheld the huntsman standing there, dressed in his suit of Lincoln green; but when she looked again, and saw his stately form and noble face, she knew that he was to be trusted. So when he told her that he had lost his way, she felt that she could do no less than offer him the hospitality of her simple home.

It was fortunate for Ellen that she had already given her heart into the keeping of young Malcolm Græme; for if it had been in her possession, I fear that she would have lost it to the handsome stranger, as they glided over the lake that lovely evening.

Near this spot, must have been the place where Ellen was wont to meet her father on his return from the chase. Do you remember how she used to get

into her little boat as soon as she heard the distant sound of his bugle, and hasten thither that she might have the pleasure of rowing him across the lake? That was a strong, tender love which bound the father to his child.

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped."

Do you see that craggy hill rising above Loch Katrine? It is called Benvenue, and it was there that Douglas sought shelter for himself and Ellen. You know that Roderick Dhu loved the young maiden, and wished her to be his wife; but the father could not think of giving his fair young daughter to the bold outlaw, and so he took her to this deserted cave upon the mountain's side.

That last walk over these solitary heights must have been a sad one for Roderick. He knew that Ellen's place of refuge was somewhere among these wilds; and he had come hoping to catch one farewell sound of her beloved voice. How his heart must have throbbed with both joy and grief, as the words of the beautiful hymn came floating to his ears! —

"*Ave Maria!* maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amidst despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled —
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!"

Poor Roderick! he realized that he would never hear that angel voice again; and he was not too proud to wipe away a tear. But his mood soon changed, and he was once more the haughty chieftain on his way to meet the brave followers assembled at Lanrick mead.

It was in this wild glen, also, that a different scene took place a few days later, when the unknown knight again appeared. Ah! it was Ellen's bright

eyes which had lured him hither. But I never could feel sorry for the visit; for, although the gallant Fitz-James carried away a disappointed heart, he left behind a token which was to bring a happy fortune to our dear Ellen.

I wish we could point out Coilantogle's Ford, where Roderick Dhu and this same brave knight fought their famous duel; but the picture does not include that region. What a grand scene it was! Do you remember where the Chieftain was guiding James Fitz-James along the mountain-path, and the latter expressed a strong desire to see this bold Roderick Dhu and all his band? I have read the passage many times, yet it still awakens the old thrill of enthusiasm.

"'Have then thy wish!' He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles[1] gray their lances start,

1 *Shingles* — gravel.

The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,[2]
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean[3] host had given.

"Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: 'How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!'

"Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,

2 *Brand* — sword.
3 *Subterranean* — lying under the surface of the earth.

He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'
Sir Roderick marked,— and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand;
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken,[4] heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide.
The sun's last glance was glinted[5] back
From spear and glaive,[6] from targe and jack,[7]

4 *Bracken* — fern.
5 *Glinted* — flashed.
6 *Glaive* — a broadsword.
7 *From targe and jack* — from shield and coat of armor.

The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

" Fitz-James looked round,— yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
'Fear naught — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art mine guest;— I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle Ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon[8] from the Gael.[9]
So move we on;— I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.'
They moved;— I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive,
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew

8 *Saxon* — Lowlander.
9 *Gael* — Highlander.

That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet by fearful proof was rife[10]
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanquished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's[11] shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear."

So they walked on together, the proud Outlaw and the gallant Saxon, until Coilantogle's Ford was reached; and there, as you know, was fought the fatal duel.

It seems hard for either of these brave men to die; but nothing else would satisfy Roderick, and so he had to pay the penalty of his fool-hardiness. It

10 *Rife*—abounding.
11 *Plover*—a bird frequenting the seashore and banks of rivers.

must have been very humiliating to the bold Chieftain to find himself in King James's palace, a prisoner and mortally wounded. How pathetic a scene that was, where the old minstrel, Allen-bane, sat beside the couch of the dying man, and sang to him the story of the fierce battle which had been raging all that day!

"Clan-Alpine's honored Pine" was bent at last, and would never again upraise its stately form.

We have now pointed out all the familiar places in the picture before us; but I have another sketch, a smaller one, which I hang over this picture of Loch Katrine. I know it will interest you, because it represents a scene in Stirling Castle; and Sir Walter describes it in such a pretty way that I want you to read with me what he says:—

"Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given,
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,

And fearful round the presence[12] gazed;
For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!—
She gazed on many a princely port
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,—
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.

"As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands,—
She showed the ring,—she clasped her hands.
Oh! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her,—and, the while,
Checked with a glance, the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,

12 *Presence*—presence-chamber; the room in which a great person receives guests.

And bade her terrors be dismissed :—
'Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty[13] of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; — yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsman, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanched thy father's death-feud stern
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.—
But, lovely infidel[14], how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.'

"Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,—

13 *Fealty* — fidelity.
14 *Infidel* — an unbeliever.

When it can say with God-like voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between — 'Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte[15] away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.[16]
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils — for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause.'
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
'Ah! little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eyes' dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!'
Aloud he spoke: 'Thou still dost hold

15 *Proselyte*— new convert.
16 *To speed*—to a successful result.

That little talisman[17] of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?'

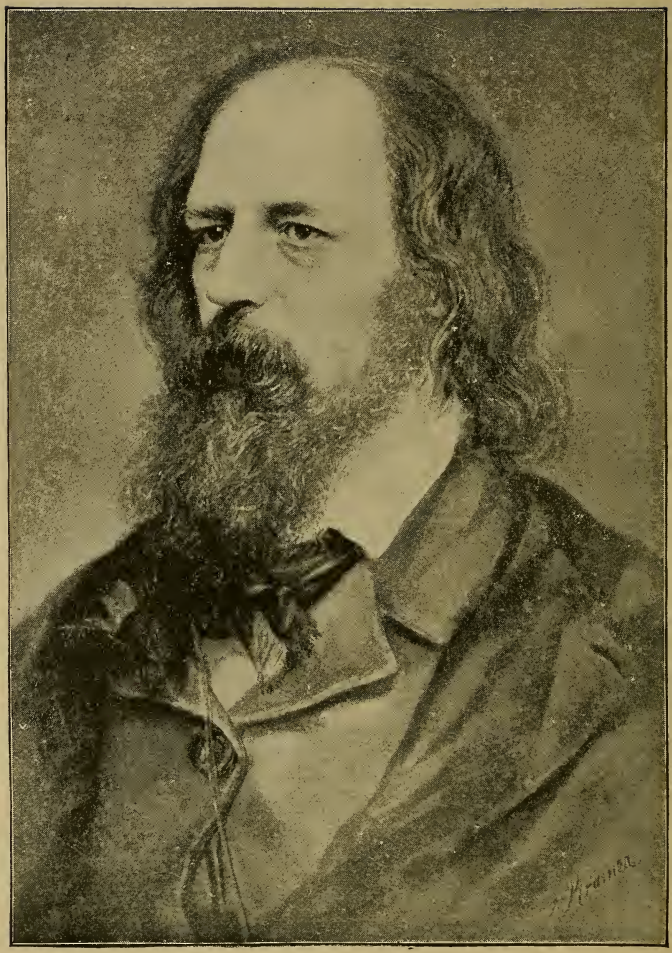
"Full well the conscious maiden guessed
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But with that consciousness there came
A lightening of her fears for Graeme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew:
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
'Forbear thy suit;—the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand;—
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?'
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained[18] her glowing cheek.
'Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.

17. *Talisman* — something supposed to produce a magical effect in preventing evil.
18. *Stained* — flushed.

Malcolm, come forth!'—and at the word,
Down kneeled the Graeme to Scotland's Lord.
'For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,[19]
And sought amid thy faithful clan
A refuge for an out-lawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.—
Fetters and warder for the Graeme!'
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand."

19 *Treac herous wile*—a plot for the betrayal of a trust.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

A river flows gently through fields of tall, waving grain; beside it, winds a road, leading to the many-towered city which can be faintly seen in the distance. In the middle of the stream, lies a little island encircled by water-lilies, from which rises an old castle with its massive walls. Lovely flowers cover the island, but the castle glooms[1] by itself apart in silent loneliness.

Along the margin of the river, heavy barges drag their slow length, and silken-sailed shallops flit merrily by on their way to the city below; but no sign of life comes from the island. No knight or lady looks forth from the casement or rides over the drawbridge.

"Life and thought have gone away
Side by side."

Do you like the picture, and do you feel the mystery that pervades it? If you do, let me explain to you its meaning.

The "many-towered city" of which we can just catch a glimpse is the famous city of Camelot, the

1 *Glooms*—looks dark.

home of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere and all the brave Knights of the Round Table; while the silent isle in its circlet of lilies, is the fairy Island of Shalott.

The legend runs that in the old gray castle there lived a beautiful lady. She had never been seen by the people as they journeyed past the island; and they would not have believed in her existence, had there not sometimes been heard, in the early morning or evening, a faint, sweet song echoing from the river.

"'Tis the fairy Lady of Shalott," they would whisper; and they listened eagerly lest they should lose the melodious strains. They did not know that the mysterious lady was compelled, by some magic power, always to remain in the castle. Year after year went by, but there she dwelt, always at work and always young and beautiful.

"There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott."

But the outside world was not entirely closed to her view; for, before her, hung a mirror in which were reflected all the sights that moved to and fro beneath her window. All day long and all night long, she watched the flickering shadows as they came and went.

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An Abbot[2] on an ambling pad[3],
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad
Or long-haired page[4] in crimson clad,
Goes by toward Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue,
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no royal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott."

Often in the silent night, she would see a funeral train with its plumes and lights and music on its way to Camelot; and sometimes at early evening, when the moon casts its silver radiance all around, there would flash into her mirror the moving forms of two happy young lovers.

She was quite content as she sat there, steadily, steadily weaving; and she took great delight in

2 *Abbot*—the governor of a church or abbey.
3 *Ambling pad*—an easy pacing horse.
4 *Page*—an attendant on a nobleman.

working into her magic web the many pictures which the clear glass gave forth.

One morning as she sat at work, a bright vision passed before her. It was that of bold Sir Launcelot, as he went gaily riding by. The crystal mirror had never before reflected so dazzling a vision. His jeweled armor, his graceful form, and handsome face seemed more to her than a passing shadow. As she heard his strong, clear voice ring out in a little snatch of melody, she felt that she must see him again; and forgetful of the curse that hung over her, she left her work, and looked out of the window.

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

Yes, the curse had fallen at last upon the beautiful lady. Her work had ceased; and her heart, once so free and joyous, was now heavy and sad. Her thoughts

were ever with the gallant knight whose handsome face had flashed into her mirror. So the weary days dragged slowly by, until she felt that she could bear her aimless life no longer.

One day, when the stormy east wind was blowing, and the woods were showering their yellow leaves, she went forth from the gray old castle, down to the river-side. There she found a boat, afloat beneath a willow, and she wrote on its prow, *The Lady of Shalott.* Then casting one longing look towards Camelot, she stepped into the boat.

"And at the closing of the day,
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

"Lying robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right —
The leaves upon her falling light —
Thro' the noises of the night.
She floated down to Camelot;
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.

"Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott."

So the boat went floating through the streets of Camelot; and as it passed

"Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,"

all the lords and ladies came out to see the lovely form lying there so still and cold. They wondered who she could be, when they read the strange name upon the prow; and they looked sadly and reverently upon the pure, delicate face.

"But Launcelot mused a little space;
He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

He little knew that it was his own winning face and knightly form which had charmed away the heart

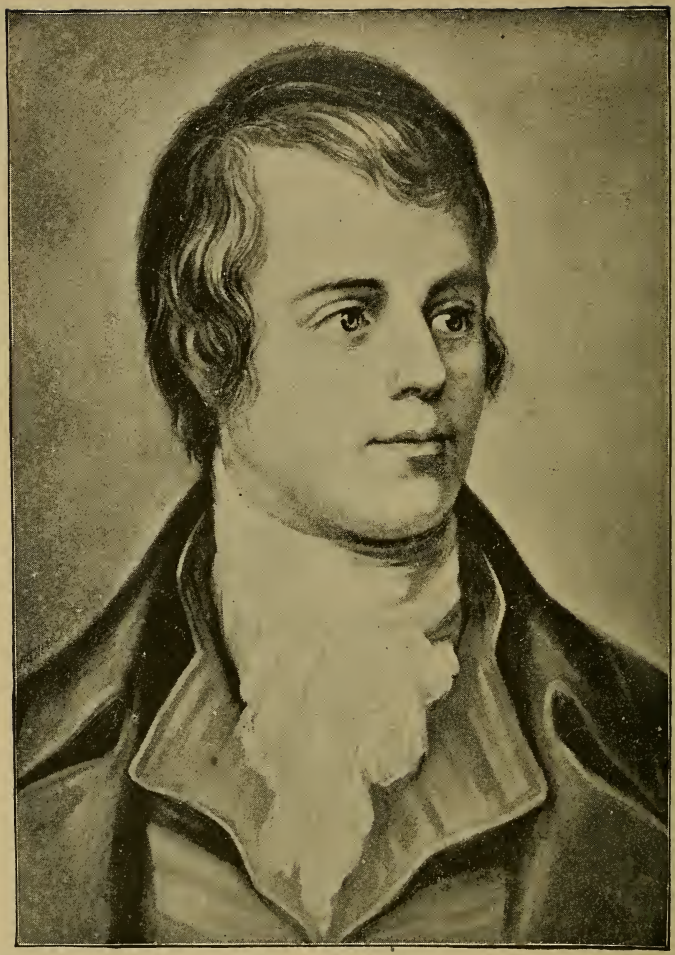
of the fairy lady, and that it was for love of him that the beautiful eyes were now closed in death; while of all the courtly train, that followed to her last resting-place, not one could ever know why the mysterious lady came floating down to Camelot.

. . . . . .

This is only one of many pictures in my mental gallery, which have been painted by that good English artist, Alfred Tennyson. There is a certain group of portraits which I look at very often. Elaine, "the lily-maid of Astolat," is among them; and beside her hangs the strong, true Enid, that pattern of wifely devotion. The bewitching face of Guinevere looks out from the canvas, and next to her is Arthur, the pure and noble king, whom the beautiful queen loved too late for her own happiness. But above them all, hangs the grand face of Sir Galahad, the perfect knight; and as I look at him, he seems to say:—

"My strength is as the strength of ten
Because my heart is pure."

A GROUP OF SCOTTISH PICTURES.



ROBERT BURNS.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

The artist of the next group is one whom I have known and loved for many years; and his pictures are hung in one of the choicest corners of my gallery. All the scenes are taken from bonnie Scotland, that land of the moor and the mountain.

The one in the centre of the group represents a family circle. It is Saturday night, and the father, a hard-working peasant, has come home after his week of toilsome labor. He sits beside his cozy fire, his lips parted in a happy smile as he dances upon his knee a prattling infant. Outside, the chill November wind blows loud; but the sound of its angry voice only adds to the warmth and cheer within.

"His wee bit ingle[1], blinkin' bonnilie,[2]
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
Do all his weary, carking[3] cares beguile,
An' make him quite forget his labor an' his toil."

---

1 *Wee bit ingle*— small fire.
2 *Blinkin' bonnilie*— burning brightly.
3 *Carking*— consuming.

Near him is the "thriftie wifie," who, never idle, sits by her little table, with her needle and shears, making old clothes "look amaist[4] as weel's the new."

Gathered about the father and mother are the children, the little ones playing about the floor, and the older boys and girls talking eagerly.

These "elder bairns" are out at service among the neighboring farmers, and Saturday night is the only time when they all can be together. Is it any wonder, then, that their tongues wag merrily, as they tell of all that has happened during the past week?

The parents cast loving glances upon them; the mother loses herself in a pleasant dream of anticipation, as she looks at Jenny, their eldest hope, now almost woman-grown; while from the father's earnest gaze, I know that he is ready to give then a gentle word of advice.

"Their masters' an' their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent[5] hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out of sight, to joke or play:
'An' oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!

4 *Amaist*—almost.
5 *Eydent*—diligent.

An' mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.'"

It is only a small, plain room. The bare floor and meagre furniture show that Poverty has taken up her abode there; but we do not think of that. We see only the sweet home-love that beams from every face; and, in its celestial light, the poor peasant's cottage becomes grander than the palace of a king.

Shall I complete the picture by telling you how this happy family are going to spend their Saturday evening?

As they sit talking, there is heard a gentle rap at the door.

"Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins[6] is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake,

6 *Hafflins* — partly.

"Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him in;
A strapping youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks[7] of horses, ploughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithful[8], scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles can spy[9]
What makes the youth sae bashful and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like
the lave." [10]

Soon it is supper-time, and the mother brings forth the steaming "parritch." [11] They all gather around the simple board, and do ample justice to this chief food of old Scotland.

As a compliment to their young guest, the dame puts upon the table her "weel-hained kebbuck," [12] which she has doubtless kept for just such an occasion as this. The poor lad feels that he must surely eat of it; and although its sharp, biting taste brings the tears to his eyes, he dares not refuse.

"An' aft he's pressed, an' aft he calls it good.

---

7 *Cracks*—talks.
8 *Blate and laithful*—shame-faced and bashful.
9 *Spy*—understand.
10 *Lave*—rest.
11 *Parritch*—porridge.
12 *Weel-hained kebbuck*—carefully preserved cheese.

. . . . . .

"The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible,[13] once his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets[14] wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[15] a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

"They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's[16] wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs[16], worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin[16] beats the heavenward flame,—
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise."

Then the "priest-like father" reads a chapter from the Bible.

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13 *Ha'-Bible*—the great Bible kept in the hall.
14 *Lyart haffets*—gray temples.
15 *Wales*—chooses.
16 *Dundee*, *Martyrs*, *Elgin*—names of Scottish psalm tunes.

"How the royal Bard[17] did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers[18] that tune the sacred lyre.

. . . . . .

"Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."

And now, the pleasant evening draws to a close. With hearts warmed and strengthened by their sincere devotions, the older children bid their parents a loving good-night, and go their several ways, ready to encounter whatever may befall them during the coming week. The "youngling cottagers" are put to

17 *Bard* — David.
18 *Seers* — prophets.

bed; while the fond, anxious parents linger to offer up one last secret prayer:

"That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside."

When Robert Burns painted this beautiful scene, he was thinking of his own dear home. Many a Saturday night had he seen at his father's fireside, just such a united family circle as he was putting upon the canvas; and because he dipped his brush in the colors of truth and love, his picture is imperishable.

A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Above the former picture, hangs a smaller one. A young peasant is at work in the field. It is a day in early spring, and he is ploughing. The morning is beautiful; the birds are singing; and the fresh, balmy air is a warning to Winter that he must hasten his lingering footsteps.

The ploughboy has been working merrily; his sleeves are turned up, his straw hat is pushed off his moist forehead, and his whole appearance shows that he feels in perfect accord with the air and the sunshine.

In the picture, he is stooping down, looking at the mischief which has been done by his plough-share. A little pink and white daisy, the only one that has yet ventured to show its head above the ground, lies crushed and broken. All the cold winter, it has been sleeping under the earth; but the bright spring sun wakened it from its nap, and coaxed it out of its dark home. And now it has perished!

The young man thinks of all this as he holds the

little flower in his hand, and his heart overflows with tenderness and sympathy.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure[1]
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

"Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,[2]
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,[3]
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

"Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted[4] forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

---

1 *Stoure*—dust.
2 *Meet*—suitable.
3 *Weet*—wet.
4 *Glinted*—glanced.

"The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's[5] maun shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield[6]
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie[7] stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

"There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share up-tears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

"Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine — no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!"

Wa's — walls.
Bield — shelter.
Histie — dry.

A MOUSE'S NEST.

Beside the "Mountain Daisy" hangs a companion picture. We see the same field and the same young ploughman; but the beauty and freshness of spring have departed. November is abroad; her chilly winds have driven away the birds, and withered the sweet flowers. Cold, gray clouds go hurrying across the sky. The trees no longer spread out their leafy pavilions,[1] but stand straight and tall like grim sentinels at their post of duty.

The peasant-boy is again looking at the mischief he has unconsciously wrought. A little mouse had snugly tucked himself away under a heap of dry leaves, thinking that he was safely housed for the winter; but the cruel ploughshare has passed right though his cozy dwelling, and left him no shelter from the rough blast.

"Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,

1 *Pavilions*—tents.

Wi' bickering brattle ![2]
I wad be laith[3] to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murdering pattle ![4]

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow mortal!

"I doubt na, whyles[5], but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker[6] in a thrave[7]
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,[8]
And never miss't.

"Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the winds are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell[9] and keen!

2 *Brattle*—hurry.
3 *Laith*—loth.
4 *Pattle*—plough staff.
5 *Whyles*—sometimes.
6 *Daimen-icker*—ear of corn.
7 *Thrave*—twenty-four sheaves.
8 *Lave*—rest.
9 *Snell*—biting.

"Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter pass'd
Out thro' thy cell.

"That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
But[10] house or hald[11]
To thole[12] the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch[13] cauld!

"But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,[14]
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley[15],
An' leave us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy.

"Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;
But, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

10 *But* — without.
11 *Hald* — hiding-place.
12 *Thole* — suffer.
13 *Cranreuch* — hoar-frost.
14 *Thy lane* — thyself alone.
15 *A-gley* — wrong.

TAM O'SHANTER.

The fourth picture in the group shows us the inside of a Scottish tavern. It is market-night, and the men have come in to indulge in a good laugh and song before taking their long ride home across the moor. Our chief interest centres in two old cronies, who are sitting close beside the "ingle," and having a jolly time together.

Tam o'Shanter and Souter[1] Johnny have been tried and true friends for many a year.

"Tam loved him like a very brither;
They had been fou[2] for weeks thegither."

Outside the storm rages, the rain beats against the windows, but they heed it not.

"The storm without might roar and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle."

Souter Johnny's stories sound more funny, the songs and laughter grow louder, and the ale tastes

1 *Souter* — shoemaker.
2 *Fou* — tipsy.

sweeter and sweeter as the "wee sma' hours" draw nigh.

Tam forgets his long ride.

"He thinks na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps[3], and stiles,
That lie between him and his hame,
Where sits his sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

Pleasure is the order of the evening, and the hours fly by on golden wings.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam is glorious
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

. . . . . .

"Care, mad to see a man sae happy
E'en drowns himself amang the nappy." [4]

The picture shows that they are all having a rollicking good time; but it does not tell the whole of Tam o'Shanter's story. He who dances must pay the piper, you know; and it was so with our hero.

---

3 *Slops* — gates.
4 *Nappy* — ale.

"For pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white — then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

The time draws near, at last, when Tam must start for home. The wind blows furiously, the rain pours in torrents, and the thunder rolls loud and deep.

"That night a child might understand,
The Deil had business on his hand."

But Tam has drunk so much of the "nappy" that he fears nothing. So he mounts his gray mare, Meg; and away he speeds through mud and mire. The wind catches his "gude blue bonnet," and almost drags it from his head; the lightnings flash across his pathway; but on he goes at break-neck speed until Kirk[5]-Alloway appears in sight.

Now he begins to go forward more slowly and cautiously, lest he is taken unawares by some wandering "bogle[6]." It is the hour of midnight, "that hour

5 *Kirk* — church.
6 *Bogle* — ghost.

of night's black arch the key-stane," just the time for ghosts and witches to hold their revels; and he knows that this region has long been famous as one of their favorite resorts.

And lo! what strange sight does he behold through the trees? Kirk-Alloway is all ablaze with light; and what is more wonderful still, he hears the sound of mirth and dancing.

At any other time, Tam would have hurried on as fast as he could; for, in his sober senses, he would not care to encounter any mysterious band of ghosts at their midnight carousals; but under the influence of "inspiring, bold John Barleycorn," [7] fear is to him a thing unknown. So he pushes Meg up to the old church, and looks in.

> "And, vow! Tam saw an unco [8] sight;
> Warlocks [9] and witches in a dance!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "There sat auld Nick, in shape of beast;
> He screwed the pipes and made them skirl, [10]
> Till roof and rafters a' did dirl." [11]

---

7 *John Barleycorn* — a personification of any malt-liquor; as beer, ale, etc.
8 *Unco* — strange.
9 *Warlocks* — wizards.
10 *Skirl* — shriek.
11 *Dirl* — vibrate.

. . . . . .

"As Tam looked round, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew."

They whirl, they caper about, and indulge in all kinds of queer antics. Faster and faster they dance; and wilder and wilder grows the music. Tam almost stares the eyes out of his head, so interested does he become.

There is one spry little witch, who has so fascinated the poor fellow that he entirely forgets who and where he is. He keeps silent as long as he can, till Nannie, by her charms and agility, makes him lose his reason altogether; and, after one of her most extraordinary capers, he roars out, "Weel done, Nannie!"

"And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

"As bees buzz out wi' angry fyke [12]
When plundering herds assail their byke [13];

12 *Fyke*—fuss.
13 *Byke*—hive.

As eager runs the market-crowd,
When 'Catch the thief!' resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow
Wi' many a frightful screech and hollo.

"Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin![14]
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy coming!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig:
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
Nae tail, indeed, had she to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;[15]
But little wist she Maggie's mettle.

Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail:
The carlin[16] claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

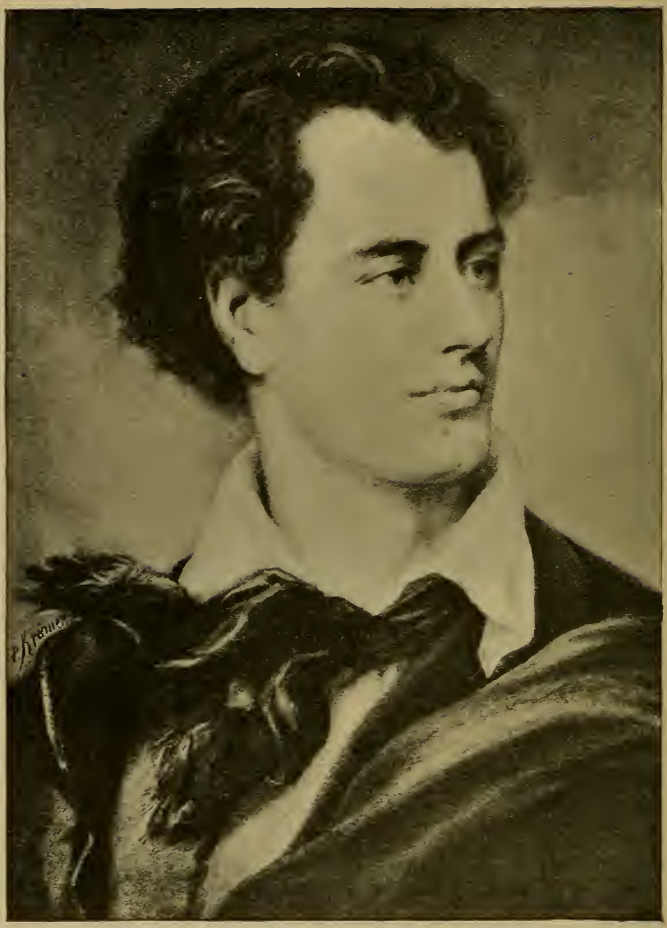
---

14 *Fairin* — reward.
15 *Ettle* — design.
16 *Carlin* — old witch.

"Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk [17] man and mother's son, take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or stolen joys run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o'Shanter's mare."

17 *Ilk* — every.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.



GEORGE GORDON BYRON.

THE CASTLE OF CHILLON.

A beautiful lake comes next, whose pure waters are as blue as the sky which bends above them. Lofty, snow-covered mountains encircle it, and scattered along its sides are picturesque little villages.

There are many delightful associations connected with lovely Lake Geneva. Upon its borders dwelt that noted French writer, Madame de Staël, and her friend, the beautiful Madame Récamier. Here, also, lived and wrote the two famous French skeptics, Voltaire and Rousseau.

But it is Lord Byron, who has thrown a halo of romance around this enchanted lake, and it is of him we think as we gaze upon its smooth surface. On all sides are the scenes which he has immortalized in his poems. The Jura Mountains still guard the lake on one side; while on the other, are the Bernese Alps with "their thousand years of snow." The lake is as clear as when Byron glided over it, and its murmur as gentle as when he compared it to the sweet sound of a sister's voice. Yonder is the town

of Clarens, "Sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep love;" and there at the extremity of the lake is the Castle of Chillon.

It is to this old castle, this "mass of towers upon a mass of rocks," to which I wish to call your attention, for it is the most attractive feature in all this magnificent landscape; and the reason is because Lord Byron has thrown around it the magic of his genius.

Thousands of people come here every year in order to visit the gloomy apartment in which the "Prisoner of Chillon" was confined for six long years. These pilgrims cross the drawbridge under which the water has long since dried away, and enter the cell that has been made so famous. They see the pillar to which Bonnivard was chained, examine the groove in the floor made by the pacing of his restless feet, and climb to the barred window to look down upon the blue waters which gladdened the eyes of the unhappy prisoner.

"Lake Leman[1] lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent

1 *Lake Leman* — another name for Lake Geneva.

From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave inthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made — and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay:
We heard it ripple night and day,
Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high.
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free."

When Byron visited Chillon, he knew nothing of Bonnivard's history save his imprisonment in the castle; but the account which he gives, though not according to fact, is so beautifully told that everybody prefers it to the real story of Bonnivard's life.

The poet says that Bonnivard and his two brothers were thrown into prison because they would not forsake the religion of their fathers. There were six brothers in all. Three of them had already sealed their faith with their blood, and now

the remaining three were cast into the dungeon to wear their lives away.

"They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart; —
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each,
With some new hope or legend old
Or song heroically bold:
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon's stone,
A grating sound — not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy — but to me
They never sounded like our own.

"I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do — and did my best —

And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved:
And truly might it be distressed
To see such bird in such a nest:
For he was beautiful as day —
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills
And then they flowed like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorred to view below.

"The other was as pure of mind,
But formed to combat with his kind:
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perished in the foremost rank
With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
His spirit withered with their clank.

I saw it silently decline —
And so perchance in sooth did mine;
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had followed there the deer and wolf:
To him the dungeon was a gulf,
And fettered feet the worst of ills."

The hunter-brother was the first to feel the effects of the dreary prison life. He pined for the sunlight and the fresh air. His free spirit, which would have scorned a palace had liberty been denied, could not exist within the narrow confines of a dungeon.

"He died — and they unlocked his chain
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave."

Bonnivard begged that his brother's body might be buried outside the prison, under the blue sky, where the sun might shine upon his grave; but the keepers only laughed.

" And laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;

His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument."

His youngest and favorite brother was the next to go. Day after day he slowly faded, but not a murmur came from his lips.

"A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence — lost
In this last loss, of all the most:
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.

The end came, and one dim morning as Bonnivard listened to catch the sound of his brother's faint breathing, there was a silence.

"I listened, but I could not hear —
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound —
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him; I found him not,
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew

The accursed breath of dungeon-dew:
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth and one beneath —
My brothers — both had ceased to breathe."

After the death of his brothers, Bonnivard was very unhappy. His misery was so great that he lost all consciousness of his surroundings. Day and night were alike to him, and he lay upon his dungeon floor blind and deaf in his anguish.

"A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again.
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,

But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine;
Or if it were, in wingèd guise
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile;
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown
And left me twice so doubly lone."

His keepers now grew more kind. The broken chain remained with its links unfastened, and Bonnivard was allowed the freedom of his cell. One day he made a footing in the wall that he might climb to the barred window, and look out once more upon his beloved mountains.

"I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow."

But this beautiful landscape made him sad. When he saw the fishes swimming so joyously by the castle wall, and the eagle soaring aloft through the free air, tears filled his eyes. The contrast was too great; and when he descended to his cell again, its darkness seemed to close over him like that of a new-dug grave.

Months and years of this death-in-life passed away; but at last the prison door was opened and Bonnivard, a bent, gray-haired man, went forth to liberty.

"At last men came to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where,

It was at length the same to me
Fettered or fetterless to be,
I learned to love despair.
And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home;
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell —
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

EPPIE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

EPPIE.

The next picture represents the interior of a small stone cottage, situated among the nutty hedgerows of a pretty English village. It is New Year's Eve. Through the windows we can see that the ground is covered with freshly fallen snow, but the stars which are struggling through the clouds show that the storm has ceased. The door of the cottage is wide open, and the bright fire burning upon the hearth lights up every corner of the room — the bed, the loom, the three chairs and the table. It is evidently a weaver's cottage, and inhabited by a solitary man, for there are no marks of a woman's presence in the arrangement of the meagre furniture.

There is something bright shining on an old coat which has been spread out before the warm fire to dry; and as we look more closely, we see that this spot of brightness is made by the golden curls of a little girl, who is lying asleep in front of the blazing logs. She must have walked in through the open door, for an old gray shawl is wrapped around her small body, and a queer little bonnet is dangling at

her back, while her tiny boots bear the marks of the snow.

It is a charming New Year's picture, this golden-haired child asleep in the firelight. Her dingy clothes and bare surroundings only serve as a setting to bring out more clearly her sweet loveliness.

There is a beautiful story connected with this little girl.

Fifteen years before, there had come to live in Raveloe a young man from the northern part of England. His name was Silas Marner, and there was nothing peculiar about his appearance save his large, near-sighted brown eyes, which protruded in a startling manner from his pale face. He was a linen-weaver by trade, and he soon settled down to his life in the cottage by the deserted stone-pits.

And a singular life it was! He made no friends and desired none; he never went to church; he never drank a glass at the "Rainbow," nor joined in the good-natured gossip of the men who liked to congregate there. Week after week, and month after month, he sat at his loom steadily weaving, knowing nothing of the world outside, and having no thought save to reach the end of his web.

The people of the village were very curious about this queer, silent man, and many foolish stories were told about his past life. Silas Marner had a history, it is true, but there was nothing strange or mysterious in it. It was the old story of a loving heart betrayed. He had suffered great injustice through one whom he deemed his best friend; and the woman who had promised to be his wife proved unfaithful.

When he came to Raveloe, his heart was almost broken with grief, and he shunned all companionship. But that was not all. His nature, once so simple and trusting, had now become hard and bitter, and he no longer believed in God's goodness and man's integrity.

But strange are the workings of the human heart! It must have something to care for; and so it was that Silas's heart, having nothing else to love, fastened itself upon the golden coins which he received for his work. As they grew in number, so his love gained strength, until at last it became a supreme delight for him to count the shining guineas.

As time went on and his hoard increased, he

concealed it in a hiding-place, made by removing two loose bricks in the floor under his loom. His only object in life was to see his pile of guineas and crowns grow bigger. How he loved them! He would take them out of the bag, and spread them on the table before him; he would make them up into little heaps and fondle them as if they could feel his loving touch. All day as he sat at his loom, his thoughts were with them; and when he walked through the quiet lanes to carry home his work, his mind would turn to the happy evening-time when he should sit before the bright fire, and caress his golden children.

This was Silas Marner's life for fifteen years after he came to Raveloe, but a change was approaching which would again leave his heart bruised and bleeding.

One evening, on returning from an errand to the village, he went, as usual, to look at his precious treasure; but on removing the bricks, he found that the hiding-place was empty. He could not believe the evidence of his own eyes. With trembling hands, he felt all over the place where he had put his gold; then, holding a candle in the hole,

he looked carefully around, his heart all the while beating wildly. At last, the dreadful truth burst upon him — some one had entered the cottage in his absence, and had stolen his money, every shining guinea.

Beside himself with grief, poor Silas's first thought was to try to catch the thief who had taken his gold, so he rushed out into the night to seek his neighbors, and tell them of his loss. They came promptly to his aid, and search was made far and near. But alas! it was all in vain, and Silas, for the second time, crushed and heart-broken, returned to his desolate home.

Now followed a dreary time for the poor weaver. The one joy of his life had been taken away. His days were no longer brightened by thoughts of the pleasant evening; and when at night, he sat by his deserted fireside, he could only moan with anguish as memory recalled his beautiful guineas. Often he would open his door, and look out from time to time, hoping, in some dim way, that his gold might be coming back to him.

One night — it was New Year's Eve — he had opened wide his door, as was his custom, and had

stepped outside. The silence and the solitude wrung his heart, and he sent out into the darkness a voiceless cry for help. When he went in, "turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself in his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seem to him as if there were gold on the floor in front of his hearth. Gold! — his own gold — brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away. He felt his heart throb violently, and, for a few moments, he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze.

"He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin, his fingers encounted soft, warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low, to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round, fair thing, with soft, yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream — his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died,

when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the vision remained. The flame only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister.

"He had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life; it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe — quiverings of tenderness — old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life.

"But there was a cry on the hearth; the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst into loud cries of 'Mammy, mammy!' Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of soothing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

"He had plenty to do through the next hour.

The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth.

"Presently, she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face, as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too.

"But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow; and under the prompting of this new idea, he raised the child in his arms and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of 'mammy'

again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry cry.

"Bending forward, he could just see the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze-bushes. 'Mammy!' the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as to almost escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him — that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze and half-covered with the shaken snow."

This was the little child's mother, a poor creature, who had been overtaken by the storm, and had fallen unconscious within a few feet of Silas Marner's cottage. The little one had slipped from her arms, and guided by the bright light which shone through the open door, had made her way towards the warm fire, where she had soon fallen asleep, to awake to new love and care; while the mother lying outside in the snow, passed into that long sleep, from which she would awake in the land where there is no more cold or weariness.

To the surprise of every one, Silas decided to keep the child.

"The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father," he said. "It's a lone thing, and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

The baby clung to him; and as there was nobody to dispute his claim, it was decided that he should keep her. The villagers thought it odd that he should desire to be burdened with the wants of a little girl. They did not understand what the coming of this sweet child was to the lonely man. It seemed to him a miracle; as if the God whom he had worshipped in his early manhood had suddenly remembered him, and had sent him something to fill his empty heart.

Unlike his gold which had separated him from his neighbors, and condemned him to selfish solitude, little Eppie, as he called her, became a living link between him and the men and women he had fomerly shunned.

"The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its

pauses a holiday, re-awakening his senses with her fresh life.

"When the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day, or in the late afternoon, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favorite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily about the bright petals, calling 'Dad-dad's' attention continually by bringing him the flowers.

"Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; but as the leaves, with their unchanged outline, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

"As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory: as her life unfolded, his soul was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

"By the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration." So one day when she had run away, and caused him a great deal of anxiety, he resolved to take the advice of a good neighbor of his, and punish her a little, just enough "to make her remember."

"The idea that she might come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and he determined to try the coal-hole, a small closet near the hearth."

"'Naughty, naughty Eppie,' he began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes, 'naughty to run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole.'

"He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure.

For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, 'Opy, opy!' and Silas let her out again, saying, 'Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole — a black, naughty place.'

"The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future — though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

"In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas turned his back for a moment, with the pleasant reflection that Eppie would be good for the rest of the morning. He turned around again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, 'Eppie in de toal-hole.'

"This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. 'She'd take it all for fun,' he used to say, 'if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do. If she makes me a bit of trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of.'

"So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience; and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

. . . . . .

"It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth. The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal which told that the morning service was ended, and out of the arched doorway, came slowly the parishioners.

"It is impossible to mistake Silas Marner. His large brown eyes seem to have gathered a longer vision, as is the way with eyes that have been short-

sighted in early life; but in everything else one sees signs of a frame much enfeebled by the lapse of the sixteen years. The weaver's bent shoulders and white hair give him almost the look of advanced age, though he is not more than five and fifty.

"There is the freshest blossom of youth close by his side — a blonde dimpled girl of eighteen, who has vainly tried to chastise her curly auburn hair into smoothness under her brown bonnet: the hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze, and the little ringlets burst away from the restraining comb behind, and show themselves below the bonnet-crown. Eppie cannot help being rather vexed about her hair, for there is no other girl in Raveloe who has hair at all like it, and she thinks hair ought to be smooth. She doesn't like to be blameworthy even in small things; you see how neatly her prayer-book is folded in her spotted handkerchief.

"That good-looking young fellow, in a new fustian suit, who walks behind her, is not quite sure upon the question of hair in the abstract, when Eppie puts it to him, and thinks that perhaps straight hair is the best in general, but he doesn't want Eppie's hair to be different. She surely guesses

that there is some one behind her who is thinking about her very particularly, and mustering courage to come to her side as soon as they are out in the lane, else why should she look rather shy, and take care not to turn her head away from her father Silas, to whom she keeps murmuring little sentences as to who was at church, and who was not at church, and how pretty the red mountain-ash is over the Rectory wall."

On Sunday afternoons, it was the custom for Silas and Eppie to take a walk in the sunshine; and so, after they had eaten their dinner, and Eppie had made the house tidy, they went out-of-doors, and sat down on the bank near the Stone-pits.

"'Father,' said Eppie, very gently, after they had been sitting in silence a little while, 'if I was to be married, ought I to be married with my mother's ring?'

"Silas gave an almost imperceptible start, and then said, in a subdued tone, 'Why, Eppie, have you been a-thinking on it?'

"'Only this last week,' said Eppie ingenuously, 'since Aaron talked to me about it.'

"'And what did he say?' said Silas, still in the

same subdued way, as if he were anxious lest he should fall into the slightest tone that was not for Eppie's good.

"'He said he should like to be married, because he was a going on four-and-twenty, and had got a deal of gardening work this autumn.'

"'And who is it as he's wanting to marry?' said Silas with rather a sad smile.

"'Why, me, to be sure, daddy,' said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; 'as if he'd want to marry anybody else!'

"'And you mean to have him, do you?' said Silas.

"'Yes, sometime,' said Eppie, 'I don't know when. Everybody's married sometime, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true; for, I said, look at father, he's never been married.'

"'No, child,' said Silas, 'your father was a lone man till you was sent to him.'

"'But you'll never be lone again, father,' said Eppie tenderly. 'That was what Aaron said — "I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie." And I said, "It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron." And he wants us all to live together, so

as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you — that was what he said.'

"'And should you like that, Eppie?' said Silas, looking at her.

"'I shouldn't mind it, father,' said Eppie, quite simply. 'And I should like things to be so you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy. I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you — he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?'

"'Yes, child, nobody could behave better,' said Silas emphatically. 'He's his mother's lad.'

"'But I don't want any change,' said Eppie, 'I should like to go on a long, long while, just as we are. Only Aaron does want a change; and he made me cry a bit — only a bit — because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did.'

"'My blessed child,' said Silas, 'you're young to be married. We'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks; if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. But there's this to be thought on, Eppie, things

will change, whether we like it or no. I shall get older and helplesser, and be a burden to you, belike, if I don't go away from you altogether. Not as I mean that you'd think me a burden — I know you wouldn't — but it 'ud be hard upon you; and when I look for'ard to that, I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me — somebody young and strong, as'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end.' Silas paused, and resting his wrists on his knees, lifted his hands up and down meditatively as he looked on the ground.

"'Then, would you like me to be married, father?' said Eppie, with a little trembling in her voice.

"'I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie,' said Silas, emphatically; 'but we'll ask your godmother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son, too.'

"'There they come, then,' said Eppie. 'Let us go and meet them.'"

. . . . . .

"There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple

wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk. People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in; and besides it was a time when a light bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

"Happily the sunshine fell more warmly than usual on the lilac tufts the morning that Eppie was married, for her dress was a very light one. She had often thought, though with a feeling of renunciation, that the perfection of a wedding-dress would be a white cotton, with the tiniest pink sprig at wide intervals; so when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, and asked Eppie to choose what it should be, previous meditation had enabled her to give a decided answer at once.

"Seen at a little distance as she walked across the church-yard and down the village, she seemed to be attired in pure white, and her hair looked like the dash of gold on a lily. One hand was on her husband's arm, and with the other she clasped the hand of her father Silas.

"'You won't be giving me away, father,' she had

said before they went to church; 'you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you.'"

Aaron's father and mother walked behind, "and there ended the little bridal procession."

After the ceremony was over, they all returned to the Stone-pits, for Silas and Eppie had decided that they would rather stay there than go to any new home. "The garden was fenced with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness, as the happy party came within sight of them."

"'Oh, father,' said Eppie, 'what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are.'"

LITTLE ELLIE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

LITTLE ELLIE.

"Little Ellie sits alone
'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
By a stream-side on the grass;
And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow,
On her shining hair and face.

"She has thrown her bonnet by;
And her feet she has been dipping
In the shallow water's flow —
Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
While she rocketh to and fro."

The little maiden is lost in a day-dream, and her happy smile tells that she is planning the sweetest pleasures for her future. Yonder is a swan's nest that she has discovered, and her smile grows wider as she thinks of the one to whom she will show that precious nest among the reeds.

"Little Ellie in her smile
Chooseth . . . 'I will have a lover,
Riding on a steed of steeds!

He shall love me without guile;
And to *him* I will discover —
That swan's nest among the reeds.

"'And the steed shall be red-roan
And the lover shall be noble,
With an eye that takes the breath.
And the lute he plays upon,
Shall strike ladies into trouble,
As his sword strikes men to death.

"'And the steed it shall be shod
All in silver, housed with azure,
And its mane shall swim the wind:
And the hoofs along the sod
Shall flash onward and keep measure,
Till the shepherds look behind.

"'But my lover will not prize
All the glory that he rides in
When he gazes in my face,
He will say, 'O Love, thine eyes
Build the shrine my soul abides in;
And I kneel here for thy grace.'"

But little Ellie resolves that she will not be won too lightly. Although her heart may say "yes" to her lover's tender pleading, she will not yield it to his keeping until his courage and constancy have

been proved. Then her smile becomes proud and triumphant as she thinks: "I will send him out into the great world, there to battle for the right, to make straight the crooked places, and to defeat the plans of wicked men; and then when he returns to lay his laurels at my feet, I will crown him with my love."

"Three times shall a young foot-page
Swim the stream and climb the mountain
And kneel down beside my feet —
'Lo, my master sends this gage,[1]
Lady, for thy pity's counting!
What wilt thou exchange for it?'

"And the first time, I will send
A white rosebud for a guerdon,[2] —
And the second time, a glove;
But the third time I may bend
From my pride, and answer — 'Pardon,
If he comes to take my love.'

"Then the young foot-page will run —
Then my lover will ride faster,
Till he kneeleth at my knee:
'I am a duke's eldest son!
Thousand serfs do call me master, —
But, O Love, I love but *thee!*'

1 *Gage* — a pledge.
2 *Guerdon* — a reward.

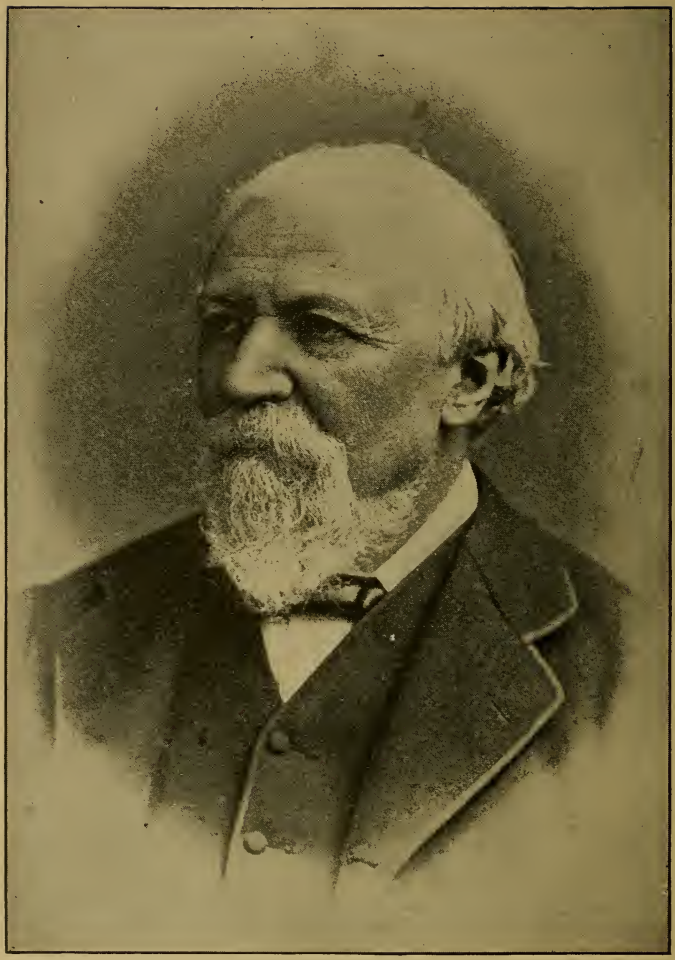
"He will kiss me on the mouth
Then, and lead me as a lover
Through the crowds that praise his deeds:
And, when soul-tied by one troth,
Unto *him* I will discover
That swan's nest among the reeds."

Dear little Ellie! After she has built her charming air-castle, she rises gaily, with the smile yet upon her lips, "ties the bonnet, dons the shoe," and goes homeward. But she must not omit her daily look at the beloved swan's nest. So pushing her way through the woods along the winding river, she joyfully hastens to her treasure. She parts the boughs and looks in, hoping to see that more eggs are with the two.

"She stoops — and stops!
Lo! the wild swan had deserted —
And a rat had gnawed the reeds.

"Ellie went home sad and slow.
If she found the lover ever,
With his red-roan steed of steeds,
Sooth I know not! but I know
She could never show him — never
That swan's nest among the reeds!

PIPPA.



ROBERT BROWNING.

PIPPA.

The last picture I am going to show you is also the portrait of a little girl. Her name is Pippa, and she lives in the beautiful land of Italy. It is to the sunbeams of that delightful clime that she owes the peach-like bloom of her cheeks, the glow in her deep eyes, and the glitter of her rich brown hair.

She looks very happy in the picture; her pretty face is all dimpled with smiles. Her hat has fallen on her shoulders, and her apron is filled with wild flowers which she has gathered in her rambles. The large dark eyes look as if they had a story to tell; and if they could speak, I know that this is what they would say: —

"I am only Pippa, singing Pippa, a poor little silk-winding girl of Asolo.[1] But I am very happy to-day, for this is my holiday, the only one I have during the whole year. All through the dreary weeks and months, I am hard at work in the mills; and then, just as I begin to feel that I shall die if I

1 *Asolo* —a town in Northern Italy.

cannot get out into the warm sunshine, and wander through the green fields, God sends me this one long beautiful day, in which I can do exactly as I please.

'Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
One of thy choices, or one of thy chances, —
My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

'Thy long, blue, solemn hours serenely flowing,
All shall be mine! But thou must treat me not
As the prosperous are treated, those who live
At hand here, and enjoy the higher lot,
In readiness to take what thou wilt give,
And free to let alone what thou refusest;
For, Day, my holiday, if thou ill-usest
Me, who am only Pippa — old-year's sorrow,
Cast off last night, will come again tomorrow —
Whereas, if thou prove gentle, I shall borrow
Sufficient strength of thee for new-year's sorrow.
All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy, one way, if another, less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven

What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven;
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!

'Try, now! Take Asolo's Four Happiest Ones
And let thy morning rain on that superb
Great haughty Ottima; can rain disturb
Her Sebald's homage? All the while thy rain
Beats fiercest on her shrub-house window-pane,
He will but press the closer, breathe more warm
Against her cheek; how should she mind the storm?
And, morning past, if mid-day shed a gloom
O'er Jules and Phene, — what care bride and groom
Save for their dear selves? 'Tis their marriage-day;
And while they leave church, and go home their way
Hand clasping hand,— within each breast would be
Sunbeams and pleasant weather spite of thee!

'Then, for another trial, obscure thy eve
With mist, — will Luigi and his mother grieve —
The Lady and her child, unmatched, forsooth,
She in her age, as Luigi in his youth,
For true content? The cheerful town, warm, close,
And safe, the sooner that thou art morose
Receives them! And yet once again, outbreak
In storm at night on Monsignor, they make
Such stir about, — whom they expect from Rome
To visit Asolo, his brother's home,
And say here masses proper to release

A soul from pain,— what storm dares hurt his peace?
Calm would he pray, with his own thoughts to ward
Thy thunder off, nor want the angels' guard!

'But Pippa — just one such mischance would spoil
Her day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil
At wearisome silk-winding, coil on coil!'

"Now what shall I do to celebrate my holiday? To-morrow, I must be Pippa, who winds silk the whole year round, just to earn her bread and milk; but to-day, I can indulge my fancy to the utmost.

"Oh! I know. I will make believe that I am, in turn, the four happiest people in Asolo; I will imagine that I am called by their names, and can enjoy their pleasures.

"First, I will be haughty Ottima. 'The gardens, the great stone house above, and the other house for shrubs, all glass in front,' shall be mine. My lover, Sebald, shall come and whisper in my ear that I am dearer to him than all the world beside. How sweet it will be to know that there is one heart which holds me first and best!

"But the people of the town say that theirs is a guilty love. They point at Ottima as she passes by, and tell strange tales of her and old Luca, her fond

and doting husband. So that is not the love I want. There is a better kind, I know. This foolish love was only the first I happened to think of.

"There is Phene. I will pretend that I am she. I saw her when she arrived last night, and I caught one glimpse of her snow-pure face and black, bright tresses. Ah! Jules, you must be careful of your delicate bride, lest she wither like a flower in your grasp. How happy they will be in their new-found bliss!

"And yet, is this the kind of love I would choose? Should I not be afraid of losing it after once it was mine? Men sometimes grow cold to their wives, and even hate them. I will choose a love that knows no change; I will be Luigi. Every evening I see him and his mother direct their steps toward our ruined turret, where they talk and talk, 'calmer than lovers, yet more kind than friends.' I have marked the mother-love in her eyes when she looks upon her boy. Yes, I will be Luigi. Only a parent's love can last through our whole life, and keep us safe from harm. O that I knew my mother's or my father's face!

"But if I wish to be preserved from all harm,

whose love can I trust so well as God's? Would it not be better to be Monsignor, who will come to Asolo to-night to bless the home of his dead brother? Surely God's blessing will fall upon him in his pious work. Then, for this night, I will be that holy and beloved priest. Let me see. What was that New-year's hymn that I was singing yesterday? —

> 'All service ranks the same with God —
> With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
> Are we; there is no last nor first.'

"'There is no first nor last!' How silly I have been to pretend that I will be these great people so far out of my reach. I will make believe no more; I will be humble Pippa. Doubtless, God cares for me as well as for them. So I will go forth and enjoy my day; and if I pass by these four happy ones, I will feel no envy of them in my heart. The sun shines; what can I ask for more?"

This is what Pippa tells us in the picture. I like to look at her, for I remember her unconscious influence over the people whom she deems the four happiest ones in Asolo.

. . . . . .

That same day, which was so bright and beautiful to the young girl, was a day of fate to them.

In the early morning, in the great house on the hill, a tragedy was being enacted.[2] The beams of the sun penetrating the closed lattice, fell across the body of the murdered Luca; while yonder in the shrub-house, the two lovers, Ottima and Sebald, were gloating over their unnatural crime. Poor, doting husband! He would never trouble them more. In the midst of their sinful rejoicings, the sweet voice of Pippa rang out upon the air.

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!"

"God's in his heaven!" They had not thought of that. Now, their wicked deed confronts them in all its naked ugliness. The scales drop from their eyes; and, for the first time, they see the depths of

2 *Enacted* — performed.

degradation into which they have fallen. Horror fills their hearts.

Sebald starts away from his once grand and beautiful Ottima with fear and disgust; and as, through the still morning air, they hear the sound of God's accusing voice, they yield up to Him their miserable lives in partial atonement for what they have done.

At noontime of the same day, Jules, the sculptor, is taking home his bride. As he leads her over the threshold into the pretty room, he casts upon her pale, inquiring looks. Too late he finds that he has been deceived. Instead of a noble, high-born lady, he has married a poor, ignorant girl, an artist's model, one that he can hire by the hour.

She confesses to him what his companions have done, and how she has been compelled to be the victim of their so-called joke. How beautiful she is, and how young! Surely that is love-light in those frightened eyes. But to be so duped by those pretended friends. No, he cannot endure it; he must send her away. Suddenly a fragment of song comes floating on the air.

"Is she wronged? To the rescue of her honor,
My heart!
Is she poor? What costs it to be styled a donor?"

And little Pippa passes beneath the window.

Jules looks again at the shrinking Phene. She must be innocent and good, he thinks. What if she be poor and low-born? That sweet face cannot fail to be the index of a pure heart; no evil can hide behind that broad white brow. He loves her, he knows; and, as he clasps his bride in his arms, he feels that love atones for all.

Inside the turret, in the early evening, stand Luigi and his mother. He is only a boy, fifteen a while ago; but already he believes that his country calls him to deliver her from the tyrant. What matter if he commit a crime, if he but save his country? What matter if he die, if she be free? In vain, his mother tries to prove to him that his zeal arises from a mistaken sense of duty. With the confidence of youth, he persists in his design. As a last resource, she tempts him by recalling sweet memories of the maiden he loves.

For the first time, Luigi's resolution wavers. He thinks: "Is it worth while to sacrifice life and all that life holds dear on the cold altar of Duty?"

As the mother pleads, a voice is heard singing: —

"A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now:
And the king's locks curled
Disparting o'er a forehead full
As the milk-white space 'twixt horn and horn
Of some sacrificial bull
Only calm as a babe new-born:
For he was got to a sleepy mood,
So safe from all decrepitude,
From age with its bane, so sure gone by,
(The gods so loved him while he dreamed,)
That, having lived thus long, there seemed
No need the king should ever die.

"Among the rocks his city was:
Before his palace, in the sun,
He sate to see his people pass,
And judge them every one
From its threshold of smooth stone.
They haled[3] him many a valley-thief,
Caught in the sheep-pens — robber-chief,

3 *Haled* — brought by force.

Swarthy and shameless — beggar-cheat —
Spy-prowler — or rough pirate found
On the sea-sand left aground —
And these, all and every one,
The king judged, sitting in the sun.

"His councillors, on left and right,
Looked anxious up, — but no surprise
Disturbed the king's old smiling eyes,
Where the very blue had turned to white.
'Tis said, a Python scared one day
The breathless city, till he came,
With forky tongue and eyes on flame,
Where the old king sate to judge alway;
But when he saw the sweepy hair,
Girt with a crown of berries rare
Which the God will hardly give to wear
To the maiden who singeth, dancing bare
In the altar-smoke by the pine-torch lights,
At his wondrous forest rites, —
Beholding this, he did not dare,
Approach that threshold in the sun,
Assault the old king smiling there.
Such grace had kings when the world begun!"

And pretty Pippa passes by.

"And such grace have they, now that the world ends! (exclaims Luigi)

The Python at the city, on the throne,
And brave men, God would crown for slaying him,
Lurk in by-corners lest they fall his prey.
Are crowns yet to be won in this late time,
Which weakness makes me hesitate to reach?
'Tis God's voice calls: how could I stay?
Farewell!"

That night in the palace by the great cathedral, Monsignor, the Priest, is plotting with one of his servants. His brother's little daughter stands in his way, and already he has made plans to sweep her from his path.

"'Tis but little dark-eyed, pretty singing Pippa, a silk-winding girl," says the servant; "I have kept her out of harm's way up to the present time, for I always intended to make your life a plague to you through her. 'Tis as well settled once and forever. I can easily dispose of the little thing."

While the Priest lends an attentive ear to these wicked suggestions, there comes from the street below the sound of a clear voice: —

"Overhead the tree-tops meet —
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet —
There was nought above me and nought below,

My childhood had not learned to know!
For, what are the voices of birds
— Ay, and of beasts, — but words — our words,
Only so much more sweet?
The knowledge of that with my life begun!
But I had so near made out the sun,
And counted your stars, the Seven and one,
Like the fingers of my hand:
Nay, I could all but understand
Wherefore through heaven the white moon ranges;
And just when out of her soft fifty changes
No unfamiliar face might overlook me —
Suddenly God took me!"

And Pippa passes by.

The Priest springs up and calls: —

"My people — one and all — all — within there! Gag this villain — tie him hard and foot! He dares — I know not half he dares — but remove him — quick! quick, I say!"

God has spoken also to Monsignor.

As Pippa sat that night in her poor little room, at the close of her precious day, her thoughts of the morning returned; and, unconscious of how God had led her through all the hours, she wondered how near she would ever approach those four happy people of Asolo.

"Now, one thing I should really like to know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day —
— Approach, I mean, so as to touch them — so
As to . . in some way . . move them — if you
please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk to-morrow, my silk may bind
And broider Ottima's cloak's hem —
Ah me! and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose,
Though I passed by them all, and felt no sign.

"God bless me! I can pray no more to-night.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service is the same with God —
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first —"

These are only a few of my mind-pictures; and I fear that, after all, I have given you but a faint idea of their real beauty. If, however, you have experienced half the pleasure in looking at them, that I have felt in showing them to you, I shall be satisfied, and will promise to give you another peep some day into my mental gallery.

HISTORY.

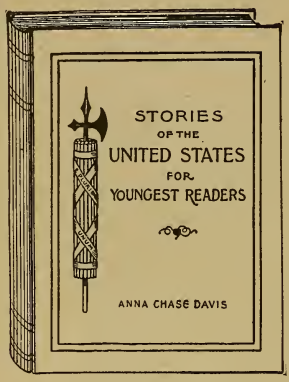
(3rd Grade.)

Stories of the Red Children.

By Dorothy Brooks. Large type. Illus.

Price, Boards, 30 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

It is both natural and fitting that the boys and girls of America should be interested and familiar with the legends that have woven so much of poetry and romance about the life of the Red men. And when these fanciful tales are presented as a part of the life-history of the little Red children they touch the kindred love of the marvelous in the civilized children of to-day with a peculiar closeness. All barriers of race and centuries of time fade away and the red and white children clasp hands in joy and delight in their mutual love of Nature's wonder-tales. The author's well-known charm in story telling has never shown better than in this little book. The style is smooth, flowing and beautiful. Wind, stars, rain, snow, rainbows and the whole phenomena of nature are woven into charming stories which will feed the imagination without injuring the children. The book is illustrated by twenty-three striking pictures vivid with Indian life and activities.



(*2nd Grade.*)

Stories of the United States.

By ANNA CHASE DAVIS.

Large type edition. Illus.

Price, Boards, 30 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

The supply of supplementary reading for a grade or two in advance of this has been abundant. But Miss Davis is one of the few who have succeeded in writing *to* the children interesting matter.

CHAS. W. DEANE, *Supt. Schools, Bridgeport, Ct.*

When a practical teacher undertakes to prepare history stories for the youngest children it is pretty safe to conclude that she will make them usable from the standpoint of other teachers. The author has begun at the Indian period, and the second year children who, already familiar with Hiawatha, will be ready and anxious to know more of Indian life in the early days. Then follows the story of the Norsemen, making ready for the coming of Columbus and the later discoverers. Interesting events connected with colonial times follow each other till the war of 1812. The closing chapter is the story of Lincoln. If any unfortunate children are compelled to leave school after the two or three first years, they will have acquired enough knowledge of their own history to enable them to take it up intelligently in after life. Large, clear type, simple sentences, short paragraphs and abundant full-page illustrations, with numberless smaller ones of Indian life will ensure it a welcome among all Primary teachers.

—*Primary Education.*